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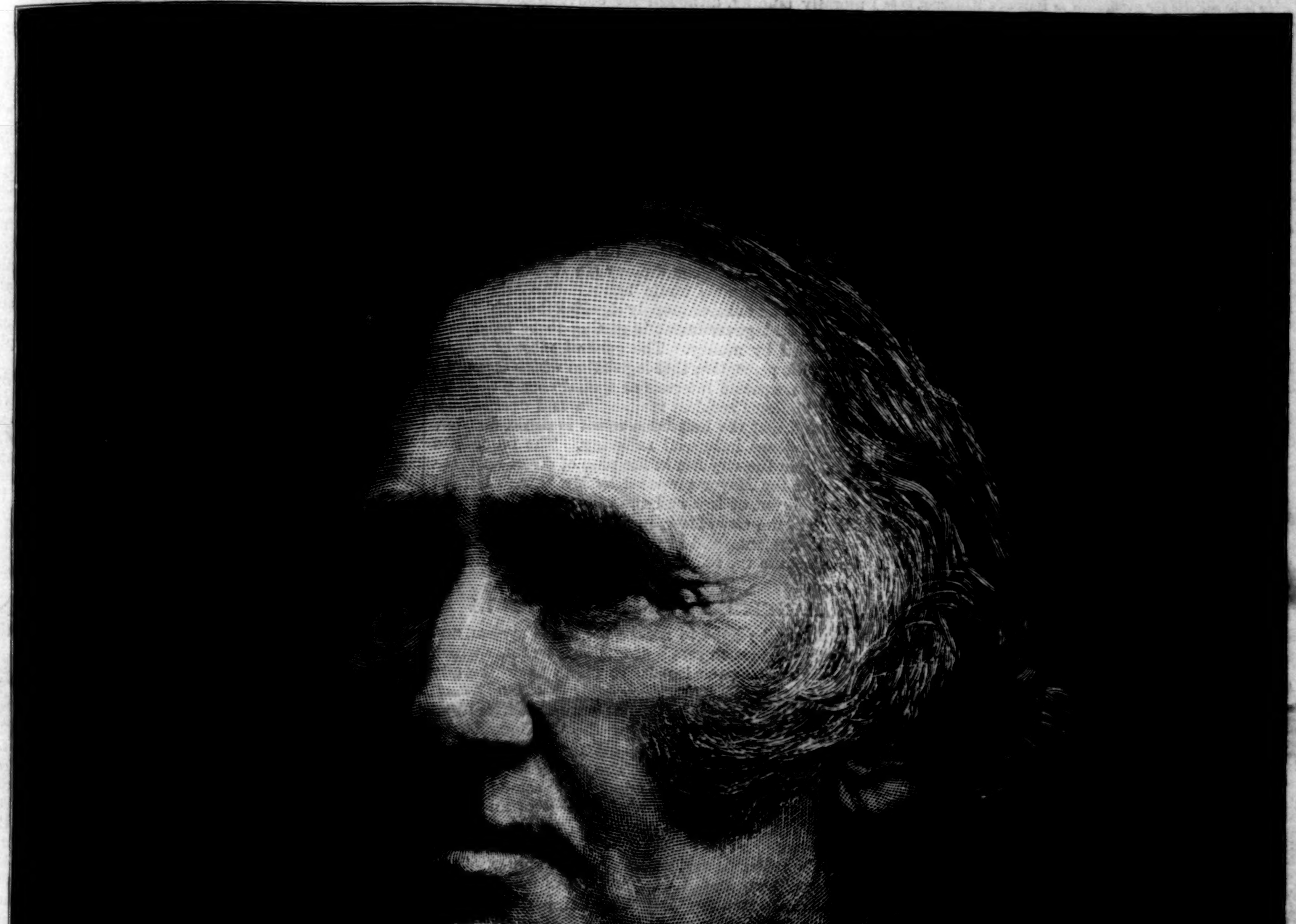


THE LATE WENDELL PHILLIPS.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 97.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 9, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* Harper's Weekly *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1*st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the Messrs. Harper *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A., Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A., *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* Harper & Brothers', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $500; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $500; *one page* Harper's Young People, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

Franklin Square, New York, September 8, 1883.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

A LONG article in the New York *Times*, in the form of a lettter from Washington, contains the following statements:

"There are to-day sitting in the Senate of the United States sixteen Senators who owe their election entirely to the indirect use of money and the exercise of corporate power and influence in their respective States. Why mince words? The last Presidential election was determined by the use of money. The Democratic party can not throw stones at the Republican harlot. They are not without sin. They taught Republicans the art in 1876. Barnum and mules carried Indiana in the October contest of that year. They were on hand again in 1880, but Dorsey and two-dollar bills were too much for a Connecticut Yankee and his mules. If Mr. C. P. Huntington can be compelled to account for the $190,000 he expended in 1876, it will be found that $75,000 of that amount was a contribution to a campaign fund. It will further appear that the contribution was not unconditionally made, but that the pledge was exacted of a Presidential candidate to consider favorably legislation which might be enacted in the interest of the corporations Mr. Huntington represented. If the secrets of Mr. Jay Gould's cabinet could be extracted or abstracted, it would appear that a like contribution was made by him upon a similar pledge given at the same time to the same parties who acted as the go-betweens, the bosses of the corporations, and the Presidential aspirant."

An article, less elaborate, but in the same vein, appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of January 10, in which occurs the following passage:

"The Union Pacific Railroad has several Senators, the Northern Pacific has one, the Pennsylvania Railroad has two, Central Pacific has two, the Georgia railroads have one, the lumber monopolists of Michigan and Wisconsin have two or three, the Chesapeake and Ohio has one, the Wilmington Match Company has one. Behind every one of half of the portly and well-dressed members of the Senate can be seen the outlines of some corporation interested in getting or preventing legislation, or of some syndicate that has invaluable contracts or patents to defend or push."

The Chicago *Tribune* remarks that the Senate is losing intellectual power and representative character, and becoming a merely plutocratic, and therefore an obstructive, body. Certainly the only significance that can be clearly discerned in the late Senatorial election in Ohio is that the Standard Oil Company was earnestly interested in the success of Mr. Payne.

In the city of New York an investigation of the offices in which enormous fees are collected is now going on, and it is to be hoped that some light will be thrown upon this colossal and shameful abuse. It already appears that a dram-seller, totally ignorant even of the lawful duties of his office, holds one of the most lucrative positions in the municipal service. In the State service there is the post of quarantine physician, the legal emoluments of which enable the incumbent to accumulate a comfortable fortune in five or six years. This officer, like the city officers, is assessed heavily by his party every year. We presume that he is expected to pay as much as $6000 to the party treasury. The sum extorted from the dram-seller in the County Clerk's office may be inferred. The Register says that his election cost him more than $20,000. Such facts as these are very significant, for they show the rapidly increasing part which money plays in our elections and our government. It is of course a perilous and revolutionary tendency, because it destroys the moral authority of the government and relaxes the sentiment of loyalty. Laws made by legislators who have bought their places and do not represent public sentiment have no moral sanction. It is this fact which makes the advancing power of money in politics alarming. Laws lawfully enacted are undoubtedly to be obeyed until the evils of acquiescence have become greater than those of resistance. This is the traditional American doctrine of revolution. The will of a majority which is a venal and not an honest majority is not felt to be morally binding, although for convenience the minority may choose to assent.

But this is not a safe basis for a popular government, and when the situation becomes apparent, the duty of all good citizens is evident. The laws prohibiting political assessments upon officers in the public service show an awakening public sentiment. But that sentiment can not take a party form, because the evil is not confined to a party. It taints both parties, and such familiar facts as the Senatorial election in Ohio, the revelations in the municipal service in New York, the city's "deals" for patronage, and the statements of the late Democratic Governor of Maryland show the folly of supposing that the Democratic pot could carry the election by calling the Republican kettle black. The talk about monopoly and anti-monopoly signifies the public perception that government is getting to be too much controlled by money. The general remedy lies in the public perception that legislation which is bought by vast corporate interests or special classes necessarily stimulates reckless speculation and overproduction, and that the inevitable result is panic, disaster, and immense industrial suffering. The immediate remedy in the city lies in the plan of direct responsibility of the Mayor proposed by Mr. Robb's bill, in the abolition of fees and the allotment of a proper salary to the city offices, in the prohibition of political assessments, and in the extension and honest enforcement of the reformed methods of appointments.

HANKERING FOR THE FLESH-POTS.

Those who hope to restore the spoils system, and to perpetuate such astounding abuses as those which are revealed by the legislative inquiry into the city offices, are endeavoring to smooth the way by asserting that the reformed methods have failed, and that both parties are disgusted with them. Undoubtedly party politicians who have no other capital than spoils are exceedingly disgusted. The gentry who can not take a henchman who has done them some personal service and thrust him into the place of an honest and efficient clerk, to be paid by the public money for his private service to them, are naturally of opinion that the reformed system is a dreadful failure. They are very sure that it does not secure more efficient employés. But they forget that if it did no more than thwart party politicians in turning the public service to their own private account, the reformed system would be well worth maintaining and extending. Indeed, this is one of the chief objects sought by the reform. It aims to abolish altogether appointment by the personal favor of politicians. A fair competition of actual fitness may not secure in every case the best conceivable employé. But every sensible man can see that, however imperfect a system it may be, it can not be so bad as that of suffering politicians to put men in and out of the service at their pleasure and to promote their own purposes.

The disgusted politicians are very sure also that the new system destroys the sense of responsibility, because, being sure of their places, the employés naturally become negligent. But the only sense of responsibility which is destroyed is that of responsibility to a boss, and the only negligence which is promoted is that of the commands and interest of a political "backer." Under the spoils system the most incompetent and useless employés are retained so long as they obey the political boss, and they neglect their duty with impunity so long as they can hold his favor. Their object, indeed, under that system, is not to serve the public, but to please him. There is no doubt whatever that the reformed method removes all feeling of accountability to the politicians, and that they naturally look upon it as a sad failure, and destructive of proper discipline. But no public appointing officer who has made a fair trial of it, or who is familiar with its operation, has yet pronounced it to be a failure. As for negligence and disregard of accountability, it is only necessary to remember that the head of an office can remove a careless or incompetent employé as promptly under the new system as under the old. But—and here is the thorn for the politician—he can not put the politician's favorite in his place, and consequently is not likely, as under the old system, to turn out a good man simply because the politician wants to provide for a parasite.

The "office-holding aristocracy" also begins to figure again. But an aristocracy of employés who obtain their appointments in the public service by fair and open practical proof of their capacity and fitness, and who may be dismissed at any time by the appointing officer, is not a very appalling aristocracy. The opposition to a measure which intelligent public opinion everywhere demands, and which has justified itself experimentally and practically, is merely "runnin' emptins." It is feebly echoing long-disproved assertions, relying for success, of course, not upon what it alleges, but upon its belief that the trading politicians are strong enough to prevail over the conviction and the good sense of the country. If the appropriation for the Commission should be defeated in the House by a party vote, the party responsible for the defeat would have gained neither respect, nor confidence, nor votes.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

The Senate has done another wise thing in passing the bill of Mr. Hoar regulating the succession to the Presidency. This measure, like the bill regulating the electoral count, is really useful legislation, and notwithstanding the rigors of a President-making session, the Democratic leaders in the House will make a great mistake if they do not secure prompt action upon both these bills, and their passage by common consent. If Messrs. Randall, Hewitt, Morrison, Cox, and a few others desire to secure the country against a very serious apprehension, they will not fail to press the count bill, while the general principle of the succession bill must command their approval. Its object is to secure a Presidential succession in accordance with the public will as shown in the election of President, which is manifestly the proper principle of such a provision.

At present, in case of a vacancy in the office of President and Vice-President, the office devolves provisionally upon the President of the Senate, and then upon the Speaker of the House. If, for instance, Mr. Edmunds should succeed to the Presidency, Mr. Carlisle would be the constitutional successor, in the event of a vacancy, until a new election should be held. But if the President of the Senate were a Democrat, the death or disability of the President would bring at once into the administration the party which the country had rejected at the polls. This is a situation which no man of any party can approve, and which is very wisely corrected by the pending bill.

The incumbency is, of course, temporary, and the bill provides that, in case of a vacancy in the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, the Presidential duties shall be vested first in the Secretary of State, and in the event of inability in that officer, from any cause, then the duties shall pass to the Secretary of the Treasury, and then successively to the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Interior. They can assume the duties, however, only if they have been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and if Congress should not be within twenty days of assembling, the provisional President shall immediately convene it within that time. This is a simple and reasonable disposition of the question, and the bill should become law without delay.

THE STATE CHARITIES.

There is no more important public work in the State of New York, nor any work more efficiently performed, than that which is committed to the State Board of Charities, which has just submitted to the Legislature its seventeenth annual report. There are eleven commissioners, appointed by the Governor, and selected from different parts of the State, and they devote themselves actively and intelligently, and not in a perfunctory manner, to the discharge of their duties, and the stimulating and beneficial influence of such a constant supervision and wise interest is felt in every county, and in the general care of the poor and unfortunate. Indeed, no better method could be devised for preventing the evils of indifference, neglect, and inhumanity into which State and official relations toward poverty and suffering constantly tend to fall than the supervision of truly enlightened, interested, and competent persons; and it is the great good fortune of the State that such persons have been carefully sought to compose the Board of Charities.

The powers of the Board are visitorial and executive, the former embracing all charitable, correctional, and eleemosynary institutions, except State-prisons, whether supported by public or private means. Its executive duties are restricted to the oversight, support, and care of State paupers, and to the removal of crippled, blind, lunatic, and other insane aliens, with certain authority over the chronic insane. The Legislature of last year very properly required that no justice of the Supreme Court shall consent to the organization and incorporation of any society for the care or disposal of orphan, pauper, or destitute children without a written certificate of approval from the State Board of Charities. This action of the Legislature was justified by the exposure, by the diligence of the Board, of the enormous frauds perpetrated in the name of a charitable care of children. Many of

the most artful swindles upon the community are carried on under the guise of charities, of which the instances constantly reported in the papers are but illustrations. For very cogent reasons of economy and proper care and responsibility, the Board recommends that the care of the insane in New York and Kings counties, which by long custom have been excepted from the general State system, should be committed to a separate department, entirely independent of the Department of Public Charities and Correction.

One of the most striking and valuable parts of the report of the Board of Charities for this year is the report of Miss SARAH M. CARPENTER, one of the two ladies upon the Board, as a sub-committee to consider the expediency and necessity of establishing a State asylum for the care and maintenance of the indigent blind. This unfortunate class comprises the blind who are not self-sustaining because of mental or physical inability, and who are supported by public or private charity; and of these pauper blind there are but 337, for the blind in educational institutions are not paupers. Miss CARPENTER'S report is a simple, clear, and conclusive argument against the expediency of a separate institution. The blind are only unfortunate; they are not dangerous or criminal; and there is no reason for maintaining them in separate institutions which is not equally valid for the separate maintenance of the deaf and dumb, paralytic, epileptic, consumptive, and others. Besides, not only is not such separate seclusion the policy of the State, but nowhere in the United States is there an organized State home or asylum for custodial purposes. Miss CARPENTER'S report is an excellent illustration of the thorough and satisfactory manner in which the Board does its work, and its recommendations have naturally been adopted and submitted to the Legislature.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

THE question of high license against prohibition has been raised in the New York Assembly by Mr. OLIN, who proposes a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the State, and by Mr. ROOSEVELT, who opposes it with a proposal of high license. The object of both gentlemen is the same, namely, to diminish the evils of drunkenness. The question is strictly one of expediency, and there can be little doubt that under existing circumstances the plan of Mr. ROOSEVELT is more expedient than that of Mr. OLIN.

If the old ground is to be maintained, that those who are not total abstainers and absolute prohibitionists are the worst enemies of temperance, then, of course, united and harmonious action is impossible. But that position has been hitherto one of the great obstacles to the effective prosecution of the temperance movement. Those who would subject dram-shops to the most stringent regulation, and who would enforce vigorously restrictive laws, have been repelled by the declaration that they were as bad as the dram-sellers if they did not favor prohibition. Rather than contend on the one side with the liquor interest, and on the other with the prohibitionists, they have preferred to remain passive.

But the situation is changed. The restrictionists now assert themselves in demanding a high license which will effectively restrain the evils with which all friends of temperance are contending; and if the prohibitionists decide to oppose them, the prohibitionists must take the responsibility. But both are friends of temperance. The only difference between them is that of the best method of promoting temperance, and it is well that the point should be plainly stated in the Legislature, and fully discussed.

THE SHERMAN RESOLUTIONS.

THE Democratic Senators did very wisely in not debating Mr. SHERMAN'S resolutions. There is no doubt of the current and general rumor of organized political intimidation at Danville, in Virginia, nor of the extraordinary action of citizens of the county of Copiah, in Mississippi, after the murder of MATTHEWS. These undeniable facts were the allegations of the preamble, and *prima facie* there was reason for an investigation. The purpose of introducing the resolutions may have been as wholly partisan as that of Mr. HEWITT'S O'DONNELL resolution. But it would have been very unwise to oppose an inquiry into events so undeniable.

When the committee reports some measure for adoption by Congress, the whole question will be opened for debate. The Democrats must then remember the real point of the question in the public mind. It is not whether Congress has the constitutional power to do anything to prevent such conduct, and to punish such crimes as those which are alleged at Danville and in Copiah, but whether public opinion in Virginia and Mississippi really condemns such lawlessness, and if so, what steps have been taken by the State or the community to prevent its recurrence and to punish the criminals.

Politically the question is whether, if those States and communities do nothing, and thereby practically condone and tolerate—that is, protect and promote—such conduct, it is desirable that the government of the country should be intrusted to a party whose chief strength lies in the public opinion of such States. If it should be shown that these events are exceptional in the States concerned, that they are condemned by public opinion, and that the perpetrators are rigorously pursued, prosecuted, and punished, the result of the inquiry will be most favorable to those States. Due allowance will be made by every sensible man for the situation in those States arising from the great numbers of freedmen, and from old traditions of the relation of the races. But the argument that the national government can do nothing about it, and that there are crimes in other States, will not persuade the intelligence of the country that it would be wise to renounce the supremacy of a party which seeks to defend the political equality of all citizens for that of a party which either directly or indirectly, by overt acts or by indifference, opposes and tries to destroy it. The essential reasonableness and force of this view is not to be overcome by decrying the bloody shirt.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS'S concerts for young people have been very successful, and they have been among the most delightful entertainments of the winter. It was a happy thought of some ladies whose young daughters are studying music that their interest would be greatly stimulated and their taste gratified and trained by hearing some of the simpler and attractive works of the famous composers rendered under the incomparable direction of Mr. THOMAS.

He entered into the plan warmly, and his selections for the concerts were very felicitous. HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, GLUCK, WEBER, SCHUBERT, GOUNOD, and the other masters have all contributed to the delight of the concerts. The performances have taken place on Saturday afternoons at Steinway Hall, which has been filled with a charmed throng of happy young listeners, and many an elder has enjoyed the gay and cheerful music as heartily as the younger folk.

The success of the enterprise has been so marked that it would be strange if this series of concerts does not become one of the most popular of the winter. With a fine sense of the occasion, Mr. THOMAS has not disdained to include among his selections the graceful waltz music of STRAUSS. The enterprise and its execution have added another service to the many and invaluable services which Mr. THOMAS has rendered to music in America.

GENERAL GRANT'S MEXICAN LETTER.

IN a vigorous and manly letter dictated in his sick-room, General GRANT has disposed of the stories that he had a large personal interest in the ratification of the Mexican treaty. It was expressly asserted that he was connected as a partner with Mr. ROMERO, the former Mexican Minister at Washington, and the story was evidently designed to destroy the influence of General GRANT'S known approval of the treaty.

The General says in the most unequivocal way that he has never had any pecuniary or business transactions with Mr. ROMERO, and no pecuniary interest in any of the improvements which are taking place with American capital in Mexico, except that he is a subscriber to a railroad lying to the south of the city of Mexico, which is a very doubtful speculation. He has no other interest in the ratification of the treaty than that of a private citizen who thinks that it would be very advantageous to the country.

General GRANT effectually answers the injurious allegations of a personal interest in the treaty, and takes occasion to answer conclusively one of the objections to it, that it would enable Cuban sugar to evade the duty in this country. But the "sugar objection" to the treaty is that it would expose the sugar interest to the direct and injurious rivalry of Mexico as a sugar producer. However this may be, the position of General GRANT can not now be misunderstood.

THE "SPHERE" OF THE SEXES.

IF the excellent Mr. KENNETH RAYNOR, the Solicitor of the Treasury, whose soul is sensitively alive to the necessity of keeping each of the sexes in its appropriate sphere, should take a turn through the upper part of Broadway, and cast an observing eye into the shops which adorn and enliven that thoroughfare, he would be grieved and shocked to find the bolder and rougher invader of the sphere of the "tender and delicate" sex to which the gallant Solicitor "bows" with "sincere devotion."

In a word, Mr. RAYNOR would see in those shops bearded men, with their mighty sinews and limbs framed for deeds of heroism and emprise, handling ribbons and tapes and dainty laces, unsexing themselves as perilously as Mrs. MARY A. MILLER, of Louisiana, has sought to unsex herself by asking for a license to command a Mississippi steamboat. "No, no, thou tempter," says the Solicitor, more wary than his father ADAM, "that is not thy sphere. Not for thee the degradation of such a post. Be it thine, O Mrs. MARY A. MILLER, in whom thy lovely sex is all incarnate, to promote domestic felicity and the joys and comforts of home, to tame the rough nature and to gentle the rude manners of man. Thou art supreme in elevating his aspirations and awakening his ambition. But our civilization has prescribed the rôle for thy soft, ethereal influence, and for that of hirsute, powerful, and aggressive man. No, Mrs. MILLER, be not thou the captain of a Mississippi steamer, but the priestess that ministers at the shrine of the household gods."

But, good Mr. Solicitor, if nature prescribes that lovely woman shall not manage a steamboat, does it not equally ordain that rough man shall not dabble in tapes and ribbons? And, learned expounder, so long as a man who is fitted for it is permitted, despite "nature," to sell thread and needles, why should not a woman, brave and thoroughly competent and trained for the duty, be allowed to command a steamboat? Was not FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, or IDA LEWIS, or GRACE DARLING, or Mrs. Captain PATTEN, who did command the ship when her husband died at sea, and did bring it safe to port, quite as womanly a woman as the loveliest lady clad in lace who floats with bare shoulders through the cotillon, and shrieks at seeing a spider?

PERSONAL.

A NEW YORK merchant, who has had some experience in raising and trading horses, rode up to a suburban railway station in a buggy drawn by a handsome steed. "A very decent beast," remarked one of his friends, as the owner descended from the vehicle. "He ought to be," was the reply; "it cost me ten thousand dollars to learn how to buy that horse."

—Now that the subject of increasing the number of our city parks is again before the public, the propriety of appointing a man like Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD to be landscape architect comes conspicuously to the front. Mr. S. H. WALES, the late President of the Park Commission, has for three years been in favor of such an appointment, and has urged it on many occasions. The fact that the Central Park requires more money to the square acre to keep it in repair than any other large public park in the world is a special reason for securing the services of a capable and honest artist like Mr. OLMSTEAD.

—The shade of MALTHUS will be disquieted to learn that at a recent debate, conducted by the Y. M. C. A. of the Second Reformed Church of Hoboken, the judges decided that the question, "Ought a poor man to marry?" was best argued by the speakers who supported the affirmative.

—Mrs. MARY A. MILLER'S application for a certificate as "master" of a steamboat on the Mississippi is considered highly improper by the Solicitor of the Treasury, who reads her a moral lecture on the subject. We take it for granted that the Solicitor never heard of Mrs. Captain PATTEN, of Bath, Maine, who, while her husband was lying ill in his berth, navigated his ship around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, although his timid first officer wanted to stop at Valparaiso for assistance; nor of Mrs. Captain ABBIE CLIFFORD, of the brig *Abbie Clifford*, who, after her husband had been washed overboard, brought the vessel safe into New York Harbor from below the equator; nor of Mrs. Captain REED, of the ship *Oakland*, of Brunswick, Maine, who was a practical navigator of celebrity; nor of Miss JANET THOMS, who often used to navigate her father's ship, who is now teaching a school of navigation in this city, and who was in part the author of *Thoms's Navigator*, a book of authority among mariners. These cases are all of recent date. An old sea-captain of this port said, the other day, "I don't see why some women are not as fit to navigate a ship as a man is."

—MEISSONIER'S suit against Mrs. MACKEY for $15,000, the price of his portrait of her, which she refuses to accept, will give secret and sweet satisfaction to the majority of portrait painters in this country and in Europe. The facts that MEISSONIER never sued a sitter before, and that none of his most celebrated Parisian contemporaries ever carried their rejected canvases into court, do not signify that no French painter ever felt himself wronged by a refusal to pay for a completed portrait. Sitters, especially ladies, are constantly finding fault with their painted portraits, and declining to accept them; and the worst temptation that besets a painter is to "idealize" his sitters, as CABANEL does, in order to satisfy their vanity.

—Mr. HERKOMER, when in this city, painted a portrait of a citizen which the citizen despised, but which the citizen's own son so liked that he begged that no changes should be made in it. The artist got his money, but it is not likely that he would have got it had the sitter been childless. It would seem to be not always easy to decide whether a portrait is a good likeness or not.

—A correspondent reminds us that among the fastest vessels of the old clipper epoch was the *Eagle King*, commanded by the late Captain R. H. WATERS about the year 1855, and owned in part by THEODORE CHASE, of Boston. We are glad of the reminder. Captain WATERS is well remembered in naval circles in this city as one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly of men and most skillful of officers, though without a trace of the conventional sea-dog in his appearance. His favorite maxim was, "Put no faith in a vessel launched on Saturday," and he used to recount with zest the disasters he had known to happen to such unlucky craft.

—The death of the well-known journalist Dr. JOHN B. WOOD has justly elicited many public expressions of regret. The Doctor was born in Lebanon, Maine, in 1827, and was educated at the Kennebunk Academy. He began as printer's devil when sixteen years old, and has been in newspaper work ever since. While a young man he came to New York, and in Mr. GREELEY'S time he was a proof-reader on the *Tribune*. In 1869 he became night editor of the *Sun*, and afterward was connected with the *Herald* and the St. Louis *Chronicle*. He was President of the Press Club for some years, and was widely known among newspaper men of this city. His skill in eliminating superfluous words and sentences from news reports earned for him the title of The Great American Condenser.

—The habits of Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, are described as modelled upon a tropical scheme. During the morning he remains in his rooms, giving himself to a light breakfast of fish, game, tomatoes, fruit, and tea, to cigarettes, and to work. At Sorrento he did his work every day on the sea-shore. He swam before luncheon, and rowed in the evening. His home is in Rome. In his writing-room a few busts and a couple of pictures are almost the only articles of decoration. Carpets, cushions, curtains, and arm-chair are red, and the large plain table is bare of everything but paper, inkstand, and pens. Mr. CRAWFORD is tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, with powerful shoulders and muscular limbs.

—"Rich men's daughters," observed a Brooklyn lady, "know the value of money, and are careful of it. They therefore make the best wives for poor men, although they may be poor themselves."

—A New York barber has trained one of his canary-birds to whistle confidently and freely the popular air "Life let us cherish," without missing a note. Using a small hand-organ about a foot square, he played the tune many times daily for more than a year, while the bird during that time was kept in total darkness. He values his clever songster at five hundred dollars.

—*Mitsu-Yu-Wassa*, a Japanese play written by students of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, to show the social sorrows of a Japanese maiden on returning to her native land after a course of education in America, was performed recently at a private entertainment in Montclair, New Jersey. The cast was composed exclusively of young ladies who hail from the same institution of learning, the plot and the costumes were alike full of color, and the very select audience applauded heartily at every fall of the curtain.

—Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, is known by his friends to be a thorough believer in the whipping-post, which has so long been established in his State; and Mr. BERGH, when in Egypt, made careful and repeated inquiries as to the results of the bastinado as a preventive of crime, and found only one instance in which a criminal who had been subjected to that punishment was twice convicted of the offense that had brought it upon him. Mr. BERGH is free to say that there are certain low-browed, thick-necked ruffians in the community whom the majesty of the law can impress only through their skins.

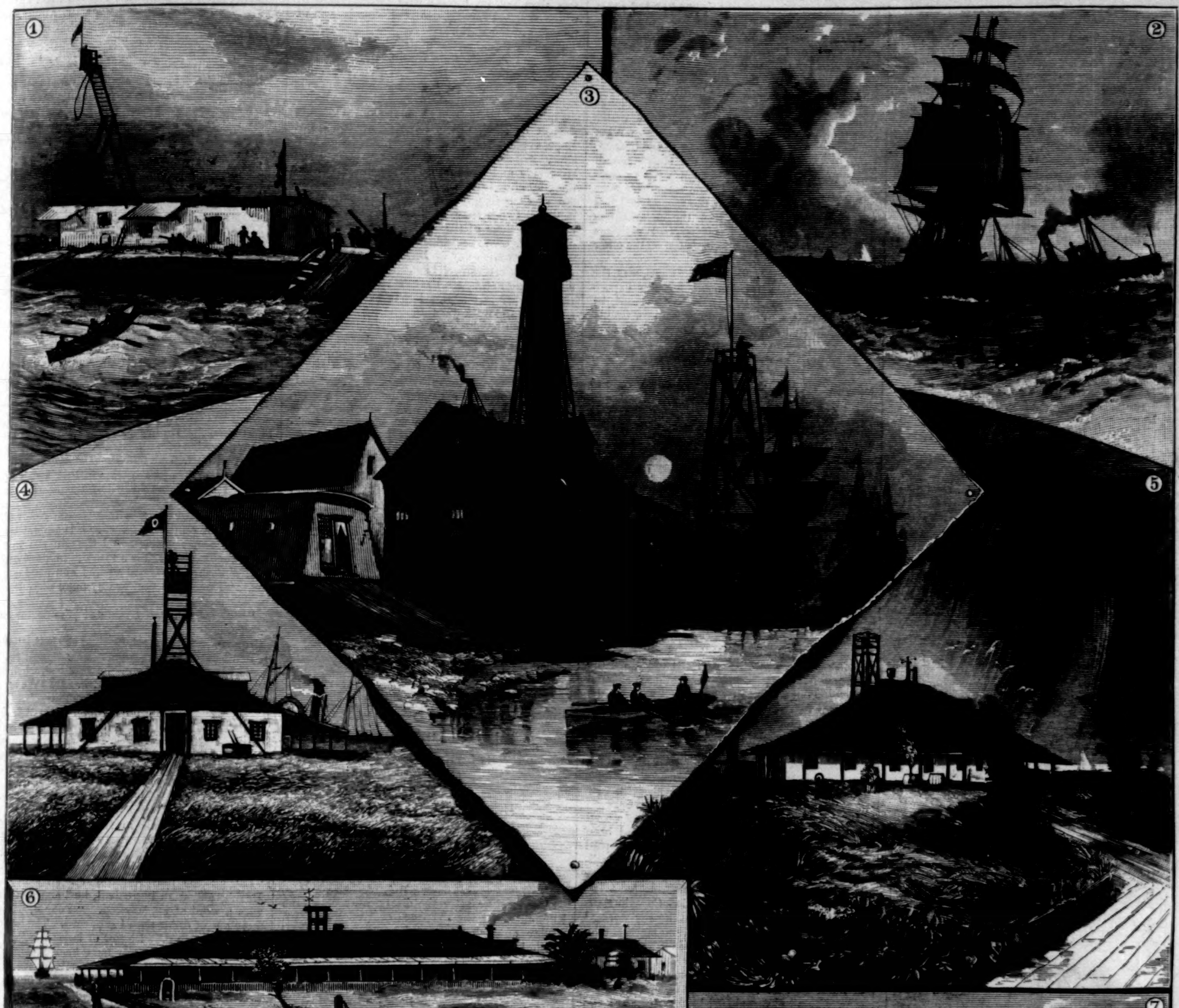
—Bishop SIMPSON expresses his conviction that the greatest influence on the age is exerted by educated women.

—A Chinese general does not know how best to transport his field artillery and baggage, nor how best to provide food for his troops, but he has an abundance of guns and war material, and plenty of stuff out of which to make soldiers.

—Mr. HENRY BERGH'S bill to punish wife-beaters with the lash will soon come before the Legislature for a vote, it having been favorably reported by the committee to whom it was referred. Mr. BERGH feels that the women of the State are friendly to his project, and at least one of them has called his attention in an earnest letter to the number of wife-beaters in good society whose cases never get into the newspapers. But it is a curious fact that several women have written to him in opposition to the measure, on the ground that to beat his wife is one of the prerogatives of a husband. The current objection that it degrades a man to be whipped by order of the court does not appeal to Mr. BERGH; he thinks that a man who beats a woman is already degraded to the lowest possible depths.

GOING TO THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL—A SNOW-SHOE PARTY IN CANADA.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 91.]

CURLING MATCH ON VAN CORTLANDT LAKE—SCOTLAND AGAINST AMERICA.—Drawn by C. J. Taylor.—[See Page 91.]



1. Pilot Station. 2. Underwriters' Tug and Cotton Ship coming in. 3. Government Light and Revenue Station. 4. Post-Office and Engineers' Office. 5. A Dwelling. 6. Engineers' Residence. 7. Tug on lookout for a Tow. 8. South Coast Mississippi Mail Packet. 9. Off-shore Pilot Station, Mouth of Jetties.

PORT EADS, SOUTH PASS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 90.]

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that 'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be wurth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

Josephine Pollard.

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

A wide waste of yellowish-gray water, monotonous in color, reflecting as in a mirror the hot, coppery sky above; no object for the eye to rest upon as it searches into the shimmering haze where the horizon ought to appear save a floating bit of tree branch, or a white gull dipping lazily down to the stagnant sweep of ground-swell on the bar; a white hot day quivering under a tropical sun—such was the scene as one approached the South Pass of the Mississippi Delta ten years ago.

As your vessel drew closer to the low-lying greenish veil which afterward appeared on the northern horizon, you found it to be a rich growth of green sea-grass. A few dark blurs made themselves apparent through the heat; here and there a stake appeared above the surface, tall, slender, swaying with the tide-wash, and beyond, a white sail. The latter belonged to a pilot-boat. The dusky blurs resolved themselves into shipping in various attitudes of maritime discomfort—stuck in the mud in the broad yellow current, or hoisted up on those mysterious upheavals of the ocean's bed, sometimes acres in extent, called "mud lumps." About these ships would be gathered a small fleet of fussy tugs endeavoring to haul them off, while a dredge-boat slowly scoured the channel beyond to obtain the depth to float them. Vessel after vessel coming down-stream would be stranded, slip or back off, go on a little space, touch again, and, guided by the current or by good luck, slide out to deep water to sail on her way rejoicing, but too often to remain for days or weeks on the mud banks, blocking up the channel, and holding millions of merchandise idly waiting on either side.

In April, 1874, forty-seven vessels were blockaded in the Southwest Pass. One was hoisted on a mud lump that suddenly reared its head in the channel. Pass à l'Outre was also blocked by a vessel "mud-lumped" in mid-channel, and forty-six mud lumps were counted on the flanks of the bar at Southwest Pass.

The tributaries of the Mississippi, bearing with their currents the gravel, clay, and débris torn from their banks, swell the grand volume of the main river until its mighty current goes rushing with resistless force to the sea, carrying in its grasp the enormous amount of 276,718,933 cubic yards of solid earthy sediment per year. Approaching the Gulf of Mexico, it divides into three arms or branches, named Pass à l'Outre, South, and Southwest Pass. As the divided waters meet the Gulf they spread out like a fan, seeking an escape with their burdens; but their velocity is retarded by this division, and the great robber that has laid half a continent under contribution is forced by sheer inertia to relax its grasp. The rich booty, falling to the bottom, forms the great barricades at the river's mouth which for years have proved such a bar to commerce. During the flood season these bars were pushed out into the Gulf at the rate of 300 feet per year. At the South Pass the advance was 260 feet, and the width of this bar, from eighteen feet of water in the pass to eighteen on the outer edge, was over a mile.

This pass, the smallest of the three, was the one designated by government for the experiments of Captain J. B. Eads, who proposed, by means of jetties, to open and maintain for twenty years a channel whose continual depth should not be less than twenty-six feet.

Attempts had been made as early as 1726 to deepen the river's mouth, but the history of the attempts of our government date back only to 1837. The appropriation then was small, and exhausted by surveys. No other attempt was made till 1852, when $75,000 was set aside for the purpose. In 1856 $330,000 was appropriated, but the parties undertaking it failing to complete the work, the government used what remained of the money to do so, and kept the channels partly clear with dredges during the years 1859–60. During the war nothing was done. In 1868–9 the government built a propeller-dredge, costing $350,000. It threw the mud up from the bottom for the current to carry away. It did not suffice, and another was built. These boats were almost constantly in use for three years, but in 1873 a board of United States engineers gave their opinion that "the results obtained did not warrant them in estimating that a greater depth than eighteen feet could be maintained by dredge-boats."

During that year Captain Eads examined the mouths of the passes, and unhesitatingly declared that "the only way to remove the great obstructions was by parallel dikes or jetties." In 1874 he made a proposition to Congress to open the mouth of the Mississippi and maintain a channel twenty-eight feet deep for ten years between the Southwest Pass and the Gulf for $10,000,000, not a dollar to be paid by the government until a depth of twenty feet had been secured. He was then to receive $1,000,000, and afterward $1,000,000 for each additional two feet, or a total of $5,000,000 when twenty-eight feet had been obtained. The remaining $5,000,000 to be paid in annual installments of $500,000 each, conditional on the preservation of the channel during the ten years.

In the face of much opposition Captain Eads was finally permitted to undertake the work at the South Pass, and notwithstanding the difficulties there were greater than at the other passes, the sum allowed was reduced to $5,250,000, and he was required to guarantee a depth there of thirty feet for twenty years for $100,000 per year. This bill was signed by the President and became a law March 3, 1875.

June, 1875, saw the jetties begun, and a wonderful change was soon apparent. The currents, hitherto weakened and distracted by losses at various points, and powerless to prevent those persistent bar formations, were now to be restrained by dams and dikes. The augmented volume of water moving with new life and power into the South Pass, and guided by the jetties, would do the work.

"The South Pass," says an eminent engineer, "is a natural ship-canal. There is not a shoal, nor a sharp turn, nor a dangerous bank, nor a snag even, in its whole length. It flowed over a bed and between banks formed of its own deposits. In cutting its way through them it had shaped its channel to the exact requirements of the volume and density of its waters." From the end of the pass to the outer edge of the bar in the deep water was 1800 yards. It was necessary to guide the mass of rushing waters across this intervening space by the jetties. Confined between their parallel walls, it was thrown full against and over the surface of the bar. It was a huge, boiling, scouring, submarine water jet. Before it the hitherto stubborn barricades of mud and sand were crumbled, carried away, and dispersed in the westerly Gulf currents beyond.

During one of its annual overflows the river had burst its banks at a place twenty-three miles above the passes, called the "Jump." A lake of mud and water had been left by the receding tide. Countless willows had taken root, and when the jetties were begun a growth of these trees was found practically inexhaustible. Hundreds of boat-loads, cut into long slender wands, but with their topmost leaves intact, were floated down to the works. Ways like those for launching small ships were built on the low banks. On these were constructed huge skeletons of wood, one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and two feet thick. The willows were woven, pressed, and bound down into these until they formed a compact mass. They were then launched, taken in tow by steamers, floated over the lines laid out for them, loaded with stones, and sunk to the bottom of the Gulf across the bar. Here again fortune favored the workers, for although most of these stones had to be brought down from the Ohio River, a small portion—21,000 tons—was brought in by ships as ballast. Miles of these mattresses were thus laid on the ocean's bed, transfixed by stout piles, and weighted with stones, until the alternate layers formed a broad, firm foundation reaching to the surface. At the sea ends sixteen of these tiers were required. A wall of concrete was then put on, topped with blocks some of which weighed seventy-two tons—the largest of the kind in the world.

Against these immense barriers the river's floods and ocean's fury fretted and lashed in vain. Another surprise here awaited the builders; for the same billows that broke on the outer slope with sufficient force to tear away the heaviest bowlders, left behind them an ever-increasing deposit of sand, which, building up a natural slope, eventually proved the best protection possible. Some of this sand falling over into the river side and threatening the channel, parallel lines of piles interwoven with willows were put down as barriers, and the deposits filling up the spaces between these and the jetties, completely imbed portions of the works with a protection of nature's own furnishing.

On the twelfth day of May, 1876, the steamer *Hudson*, of the Cromwell Line, appeared off the bar, and coming in through the new channel, breasted the jetty current, and glided up to Port Eads. The success of the work was thus assured. Since then the channel has been ever deepening and widening, till nothing now bars the free passage to the largest of ocean ships and steamers. A dredge steamer, the *G. W. R. Bayley*, a marvel of power and ingenuity, stands ready to clear up any sudden or unforeseen shoalings, but so far the necessity for her use seldom arises, and for months at a time she lies idly at her moorings, the speeding current on which she floats doing all the work.

To the casual observer the great works present few objects of interest to the view, and thousands of travellers pass between their portals without being deeply impressed by the few glimpses of them to be obtained from the deck of a ship. The fine government light-house, holding aloft its far-reaching light, the low-roofed, wide veranda'd hotel and offices, neatly framed in bright flower beds, are objects retained in the memory of an ocean-wearied traveller far more than the jetties, performing silently and unseen their wonderful task beneath the waves.

J. O. Davidson.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS JETHRO.

A fortnight after the disappearance of Mrs. Ellmother and the dismissal of Mrs. Mosey, Dr. Allday entered his consulting-room, punctual to the hour at which he was accustomed to receive patients.

An occasional wrinkling of his eyebrows, accompanied by an intermittent restlessness in his movements, appeared to indicate some disturbance of this worthy man's professional composure. His mind was, indeed, not at ease. Even the unexcitable old doctor had felt the attraction which had already conquered three such dissimilar people as Alban Morris, Cecilia Wyvil, and Francine De Sor. He was thinking of Emily.

A ring at the door-bell announced the arrival of the first patient.

The servant introduced a tall lady, dressed simply and elegantly in dark apparel. Noticeable features, of a Jewish cast—worn and haggard, but still preserving their grandeur of form—were visible through her veil. She moved with grace and dignity, and she stated her object in consulting Dr. Allday with the ease of a well-bred woman.

"I come to ask your opinion, sir, on the state of my heart," she said; "and I am recommended by a patient who has consulted you with advantage to herself." She placed a card on the doctor's writing-desk, and added, "I have become acquainted with the lady by being one of the lodgers in her house."

The doctor recognized the name, and the usual proceedings ensued. After careful examination he arrived at a favorable conclusion. "I may tell you at once," he said; "there is no reason to be alarmed about the state of your heart."

"I have never felt any alarm about myself," she answered, quietly. "A sudden death is an easy death. If one's affairs are settled, it seems, on that account, to be the death to prefer. My object was to settle *my* affairs—such as they are—if you had considered my life to be in danger. Is there nothing the matter with me?"

"I don't say that," the doctor replied. "The action of your heart is very feeble. Take the medicine that I shall prescribe, pay a little more attention to eating and drinking than ladies usually do, don't run upstairs, and don't fatigue yourself by violent exercise, and I see no reason why you shouldn't live to be an old woman."

"God forbid!" the lady said to herself. She turned away, and looked out of the window with a bitter smile.

Dr. Allday wrote his prescription. "Are you likely to make a long stay in London?" he asked.

"I am here for a little while only. Do you wish to see me again?"

"I should like to see you once more before you go away, if you can make it convenient. What name shall I put on the prescription?"

"Miss Jethro."

"A remarkable name," the doctor said, in his matter-of-fact way.

Miss Jethro's bitter smile showed itself again. Without otherwise noticing what Dr. Allday had said, she laid the consultation fee on his table. At the same moment the footman appeared with a letter. "From Miss Emily Brown," he said. "No answer required."

He held the door open as he delivered the message, seeing that Miss Jethro was about to leave the room. She dismissed him by a gesture, and returning to the table, pointed to the letter.

"Was your correspondent lately a pupil at Miss Ladd's school?" she inquired.

"My correspondent has just left Miss Ladd," the doctor answered. "Are you a friend of hers?"

"I am acquainted with her."

"You would be doing the poor child a kindness if you would go and see her. She has no friends in London."

"Pardon me—she has an aunt."

"Her aunt died a week since."

"Are there no other relations?"

"None. A melancholy state of things, isn't it? She would have been absolutely alone in the house if I had not sent one of my women-servants to stay with her for the present. Did you know her father?"

Miss Jethro passed over the question as if she had not heard it. "Has the young lady dismissed her aunt's servants?" she asked.

"Her aunt kept but one servant, ma'am. The woman has spared Miss Emily the trouble of dismissing her." He briefly alluded to Mrs. Ellmother's desertion of her mistress. "I can't explain it," he said, when he had done. "Can *you*?"

"What makes you think, sir, that I can help you? I never even heard of the servant, and the mistress was a stranger to me."

At Dr. Allday's age a man is not easily discouraged by reproof, even when it is administered by a handsome woman. "I thought you might have known Miss Emily's father," he persisted.

Miss Jethro rose, and wished him good-morning. "I must not occupy any more of your valuable time," she said.

"Suppose you wait a minute?" the doctor suggested.

Impenetrable as ever, he rang the bell. "Any patients in the waiting-room?" he inquired. "You see I have time to spare," he resumed, when the man had replied in the negative. "I take an interest in this poor girl, and I thought—"

"If you think that I take an interest in her too," Miss Jethro interposed, "you are perfectly right. I knew her father," she added, abruptly, the allusion to Emily having apparently reminded her of the question which she had hitherto declined to notice.

"In that case," Dr. Allday proceeded, "I want a word of advice. Won't you sit down?"

She took a chair in silence. An irregular movement in the lower part of her veil seemed to indicate that she was breathing with difficulty. The doctor observed her with close attention. "Let me see my prescription again," he said. Having added an ingredient, he handed it back with a word of explanation. "Your nerves are more out of order than I supposed. The hardest disease to cure that I know of is—worry."

The hint could hardly have been plainer, but it was lost on Miss Jethro. Whatever her troubles might be, her medical adviser was not made acquainted with them. Quietly folding up the prescription, she reminded him that he had proposed to ask her advice.

"In what way can I be of service to you?" she inquired.

"I am afraid I must try your patience," the doctor acknowledged, "if I am to answer that question plainly."

With these prefatory words, he described the events that had followed Mrs. Mosey's appearance at the cottage. "I am only doing justice to this foolish woman," he continued, "when I tell you that she came here after she had left Miss Emily, and did her best to set matters right. I went to the poor girl directly, and I felt it my duty, after looking at her aunt, not to leave her alone for that night. When I got home the next morning, whom do you think I found waiting for me? Mrs. Ellmother!"

He stopped, in the expectation that Miss Jethro would express some surprise. Not a word passed her lips.

"Mrs. Ellmother's object was to ask how her mistress was going on," the doctor proceeded. "Every day, while Miss Letitia still lived, she came here to make the same inquiry, without a word of explanation. On the day of the funeral there she was at the church, dressed in deep mourning, and, as I can personally testify, crying bitterly. When the ceremony was over—can you believe it?—she slipped away before Miss Emily or I could speak to her. We have seen nothing more of her, and heard nothing more, from that time to this."

He stopped again. The silent lady still listened without making any remark.

"Have you no opinion to express?" the doctor asked, bluntly.

"I am waiting," Miss Jethro answered.

"Waiting—for what?"

"I haven't heard yet why you want my advice."

Dr. Allday's observation of humanity had hitherto reckoned want of caution among the deficient moral qualities in the natures of women. He set down Miss Jethro as a remarkable exception to a general rule.

"I want you to advise me as to the right course to take with Miss Emily," he said. "She has assured me she attaches no serious importance to her aunt's wanderings, when the poor old lady's fever was at its worst. I don't doubt that she speaks the truth; but I have my own reasons for being afraid that she is deceiving herself. Will you bear this in mind?"

"Yes, if it's necessary."

"In plain words, Miss Jethro, you think I am still wandering from the point. I have got to the point. Yesterday Miss Emily told me that

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

she hoped to be soon composed enough to examine the papers left by her aunt."

Miss Jethro suddenly turned in her chair and looked at Dr. Allday.

"Are you beginning to feel interested?" the doctor asked, mischievously.

She neither acknowledged nor denied it. "Go on," was all she said.

"I don't know how *you* feel," he proceeded; "*I* am afraid of the discoveries which she may make, and I am strongly tempted to advise her to leave the proposed examination to her aunt's lawyer. Is there anything in your knowledge of Miss Emily's late father which tells you that I am right?"

"Before I reply," said Miss Jethro, "it may not be amiss to let the young lady speak for herself."

"How is she to do that?" the doctor asked.

Miss Jethro pointed to the writing-table. "Look there," she said; "you have not yet opened Miss Emily's letter."

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. ALLDAY.

Absorbed in the effort to overcome his patient's reserve, the doctor had forgotten Emily's letter. He opened it immediately.

After reading the first sentence he looked up with an expression of annoyance. "She has begun the examination of the papers already," he said.

"Then I can be of no further use to you," Miss Jethro rejoined. She made a second attempt to leave the room.

Dr. Allday turned to the next page of the letter. "Stop!" he cried. "She has found something—and here it is."

He held up a small printed handbill, which had been placed between the first and second pages. "Suppose you look at it?" he said.

"Whether I am interested in it or not?" Miss Jethro asked.

"You may be interested in what Miss Emily says about it in her letter."

"Do you propose to show me her letter?"

"I propose to read it to you."

Miss Jethro took the handbill without further objection. It was expressed in these words:

"Murder. £100 Reward. Whereas a murder was committed on the thirtieth September, 1877, at the Hand-in-hand Inn, in the village of Zeeland, Hampshire, the above reward will be paid to any person or persons whose exertions shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the suspected murderer. Name not known. Supposed age, between twenty and thirty years. A well-made man, of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers. Small, white, well-shaped hands. Wears valuable rings on the last two fingers of the left hand. Dressed neatly in a dark gray tourist's suit. Carried a knapsack, as if on a pedestrian excursion. Remarkably good voice, smooth, full, and persuasive. Ingratiating manners. Apply to the Chief Inspector, Metropolitan Police Office, London."

Miss Jethro laid aside the handbill without any visible appearance of agitation. The doctor took up Emily's letter, and read as follows:

"'You will be as much relieved as I was, my kind friend, when you look at the paper inclosed. I found it loose in a blank book, with cuttings from newspapers, and odd announcements of lost property, and other curious things (all huddled together between the leaves), which my aunt no doubt intended to set in order and fix in their proper places. She must have been thinking of her book, poor soul, in her last illness. Here is the origin of those "terrible words" which frightened stupid Mrs. Mosey. Is it not encouraging to have discovered such a confirmation of my opinion as this? I feel a new interest in looking over the papers that still remain to be examined—'"

Before he could get to the end of the sentence, Miss Jethro's agitation broke through her reserve.

"Do what you proposed to do," she burst out, vehemently. "Stop her at once from carrying her examination any further. If she hesitates, insist on it."

At last Dr. Allday had triumphed. "It has been a long time coming," he remarked, in his cool way, "and it's all the more welcome on that account. You dread the discoveries she may make, Miss Jethro, as I do. And *you* know what those discoveries may be."

"What I do know or don't know is of no importance," she answered, sharply.

"Excuse me, it is of very serious importance. I have no authority over this poor girl; I am not even an old friend. You tell me to insist. Help me to declare honestly that I know of circumstances which justify me, and I may insist to some purpose."

Miss Jethro lifted her veil for the first time, and eyed him searchingly.

"I believe I can trust you," she said. "Now listen. The one consideration on which I consent to open my lips is consideration for Miss Emily's tranquillity. Promise me absolute secrecy, on your word of honor."

He gave the promise.

"I want to know one thing, first," Miss Jethro proceeded. "Did she tell you—as she once told me—that her father had died of heart-complaint?"

"Yes."

"Did you put any questions to her?"

"I asked how long ago it was."

"And she told you?"

"She told me."

"You wish to know, Dr. Allday, what discoveries Miss Emily may yet make among her aunt's papers. Judge for yourself when I tell you that she has been deceived about her father's death."

"Do you mean that he is still living?"

"I mean that she has been deceived—purposely deceived—about the *manner* of his death."

"Who was the wretch who did it?"

"You are wronging the dead, sir. The truth can only have been concealed out of the purest motives of love and pity. I don't desire to disguise the conclusion at which I have arrived, after what I have heard from yourself. The person responsible must be Miss Emily's aunt, and the old servant must have been in her confidence. Remember, you are bound in honor not to repeat to any living creature what I have just said."

The doctor followed Miss Jethro to the door. "You have not yet told me," he said, "*how* her father died."

"I have no more to tell you."

With those words she left him.

He rang for his servant. To wait until the hour at which he was accustomed to go out might be to leave Emily's peace of mind at the mercy of an accident. "I am going to the cottage," he said. "If anybody wants me, I shall be back in a quarter of an hour."

On the point of leaving the house, he remembered that Emily would probably expect him to return the handbill. As he took it up, the first lines caught his eye: he read the date at which the murder had been committed, for the second time. On a sudden the ruddy color left his face.

"Good God!" he cried, "her father was murdered, and that woman was concerned in it."

Following the impulse that urged him, he secured the handbill in his pocket-book, snatched up the card which his patient had presented as her introduction, and instantly left the house. He called the first cab that passed him, and drove to Miss Jethro's lodgings.

"Gone," was the servant's answer when he inquired for her.

He insisted on speaking to the landlady. "Hardly ten minutes have passed," he said, "since she left my house."

"Hardly ten minutes have passed," the landlady replied, "since that message was brought here by a boy."

The message had been evidently written in great haste: "I am unexpectedly obliged to leave London. A bank-note is inclosed in payment of my debt to you. I will send for my luggage."

The doctor withdrew.

"Unexpectedly obliged to leave London," he repeated, as he got into the cab again. "Her flight condemns her; not a doubt of it now.—As fast as you can," he shouted to the man, directing him to drive to Emily's cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S INTER-REIGN.

Love's singing time is past, his warm sun set,
His red rose wan and dead.
Tears are all vain: 'tis better to forget.
The song and sunshine fled;
The red rose dead;
The last faint parting said.

Keep silence, then, and sleep, for in the night
Some hidden blessings lie.
A little while, and gold and purple light
May flood love's morning sky.
Sleep, weary heart:
Why shouldst thou wake and sigh?

Fervent as fire, and sweet as flowers, ere long
Love will come back to reign.
The rose of resurrection and the song
Give to thee, heart, again,
Laughter for tears,
Exceeding joy for pain.

CURLING.

Though the Scottish game of curling has but recently been transplanted to this country, whose vigorous winters afford it a hospitable reception, it boasts of an indefinite antiquity in its own country—so indefinite, indeed, that it can hardly be proved to have a country of its own. At various times controversy has waxed sore as to whether it is of Scottish or Flemish origin. The supporters of the Low Countries as the place of its origin point with confidence to the technical terms used in the game, which are unmistakably Flemish; but the claims of Scotland are asserted with even greater ardor and more uncompromising confidence, one waggish enthusiast maintaining, in some humorous verses contributed to the *Scots Magazine*, that Jove himself initiated "Auld Daddy Scotland" into the mysteries of the game, as that worthy "sat ae day bare-legged on a snowy brae." For those who are satisfied to go back no further than historical times, the reign of the fourth King James of Scotland may be regarded as the earliest period in which it can be recognized as a national sport, that monarch having apparently a catholic taste for manly sports, for, besides being a devoted player at golf, foot-ball, tennis, bowls, and other games, he is reputed to have presented the silver curling-stone which is annually contended for in the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire.

The excellent example set by King James has been followed in this country by a gentleman of Scotch origin, who has presented a handsome silver challenge trophy, called after the donor the "Patterson Medal," to be played for by picked curlers of Scottish birth on the one hand, and of American birth (though often of Scottish origin) on the other. The scene of the contest for the present year was Cortlandt Lake, in Westchester County, New York, and though the weather could hardly be regarded as propitious for out-door sports, the admirers of the game and the local seekers after entertainment assembled in considerable numbers to view the novel scene. The technical term for the strip of ice on which the game is played is "rink," and at each rink an equal number of players belonging to each side take part. In the Scottish-American match there were eight rinks in use, each being occupied by four players from each party, so that the number of curlers was in all sixty-four. Four of a side at a rink is now the usual number, though in olden times there was no arbitrary limit. In Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, there was once a famous rink of seven players who were all shoemakers, or "souters," in the Lowland Scottish tongue, and so extraordinary was their skill that it was a common thing for them to make the number of points necessary to win before their opponents had scored a single one. Their fame survives, as well in local tradition as in the term "soutering," which is used to designate defeating the opponents in the complete manner mentioned above. The Americans, in the recent match, though beaten, were by no means "soutered," the score standing at the close 157 to 135. Considering the comparative youth of the native players, and in view of the fact that years add experience more than sufficient to counterbalance any decrease of power by reason of advancing age, the American curlers acquitted themselves with much credit. Were the result at each rink taken separately, the match would have been even, as each side prevailed at four of the eight rinks; the method of scoring is, however, to add the totals of each side at all the rinks, which puts quite another complexion on the result in this case.

The history of the game of curling is anecdotical in character, and naturally partakes somewhat of the marvellous. The mighty men of the good old days wielded stones of ponderous weight, and performed with them feats that make the young Scot of to-day, if he be credulous, sigh over the degeneracy of the race. One Deacon Jardine, chief of the "Souters," performed the unique feat of threading a needle with his stone; other champions have thrown the curling-stone as far as a mile along the ice; and the famous Archibald, Duke of Hamilton, once played a match against a celebrated rink from Paisley for a stake of a thousand pounds a side. As for the true curler's dinner of beef and greens when the fight was over, and the oft-replenished tumbler of toddy, the running accompaniment of a night of mirth and jollity, haply—some people will say happily—the modern Scot is as degenerate in that respect as in others.

THE ICE CASTLE, MONTREAL.

The central attraction of the Carnival in Montreal is the "ice castle," which occupies the site of the "ice palace" of last winter in Dominion Square. The name of the structure was changed to suit a new feature in the programme, and the experience of a year ago suggested several changes that added both to the beauty and the durability of the edifice. After a spirited competition between architects, it was decided to build with an extended frontage of 160 feet, so that as many "ice masons" as possible could work on the walls at the same time. The roof of spars and evergreens, that was an experiment last year, was abandoned because it destroyed the beauty of the pearly walls, especially when they were illuminated with the electric lights. The new design avoids double walls for the same reason. The evening effects of the new structure very greatly surpassed those of the former.

The material for the walls was taken from the Lachine Canal, and consisted of blocks of ice from twelve to fifteen inches thick.

The opening ceremonies of the Carnival included a grand attack on the castle in true mediæval style. Montreal never enjoyed a more lively festival, and among the visitors were thousands of people from this country, who were attracted across the border by the prospect of the most jolly kind of winter sports. Sleighing parties, snow-shoe parties, and other out-of-door festivities made up a very enjoyable programme for those who revel in cold weather.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Those pagans of Central New York, the Onondaga Indians, have been holding their New-Year's celebration. They devoted a week to the occasion, filling out the time with religious rites, speech-making, and dancing. An eye-witness writes that, "on the score of modesty, the various dances have compared favorably with the ball-room scenes of modern civilization." This is hardly discriminating enough to be complimentary to our pagan neighbors. The present is the season of the so-called French balls in the metropolis, and the scenes enacted in connection therewith are unfortunately among those which modern civilization tolerates.

When the New-Year's celebration of these pagan Onondagas ends, that of the heathen Chinese begins. Perhaps somebody will deem it worth while to attempt an explanation of this near approach to coincidence. In the Chinese quarter of this city the anniversary was celebrated with unusual sociability and thumping of tom-toms. Only two of the celebrators, however, found themselves in police court on the morning after the festivities began, and it came out that their offense consisted merely in fastening long strings to bunches of fire-crackers, and pulling them along when the heavy-footed policeman poised the sole of his boot over them preparatory to stamping them out. The Chinese Consul in New York made calls by proxy, his substitute being the interpreter at the Consulate.

Shockingly devoid of artistic decoration, or something to that effect, was Oscar Wilde's criticism of the American prairies, in a lecture in Dublin not long ago. If the American people had foreseen how this disgraceful truth might reach the ears of other peoples, they would have had their prairies painted and striped.

In a police court a few days ago a gentleman was arraigned for having ejected from his residence a man who came to collect a plumber's bill. The complainant acknowledged that he called the householder "no gentleman," and upon his making that acknowledgment the complaint was dismissed. How much more satisfactory to the plumber's collector it would have been in the end if, instead of calling the householder no gentleman, and getting put out, he had held his temper until his employer came into possession of the house! for then he could have enjoyed the ejectment of the late householder, and it would have been unnecessary to call his attention to the fact of his lack of gentility. On the other hand, householders will be thankful for the solitary loop-hole which this legal decision seems to establish.

In Washington the Chinese Minister held a New-Year's reception, in which he was assisted by his infant daughter. Little Miss Mi wore a frock of lavender crape, a sleeveless waist of red satin, and a gold-embroidered cap, with bracelets of gold and amber, and anklets of gold. She remained in the arms of her nurse. As she is not of speaking age, she had the advantage of her mother, who was unable to be present because she does not speak English, and there is no English-speaking Chinese in Washington of sufficient rank to serve as her interpreter.

At a dinner in this city recently, says a writer, the unwelcome appearance of the "White Lady of Hohenzollern" was discussed, and "it was decided there and then that a lamentable deficiency in American 'high life' was the absence of family ghosts, which are as indispensable to a patent of nobility abroad as ancestors, heraldic emblems, and family portraits." "A lucrative branch of trade," it is suggested, "might be started in these dull times to supply families laying claim to aristocratic descent with a good, honest, reliable ghost, warranted to appear before births, marriages, and deaths, and well up in the stage-business of invisibility, draughts of cold air, and hollow groans."

There is a movement in Boston to reduce the salaries of the hotel clerks. Should the landlords persist, Boston may yet see the day when she will be compelled to admit that it does not amount to a liberal education to have had one of her hotel clerks tell you the way to the Old South Church.

A new social wrinkle in Paris is the giving of parties at which the hostess wears a costume characteristic of some nationality different from her own, and all her guests follow suit. "The boulevardier's latest boast, accordingly," says a writer, "is that he can make a tour of the world in forty minutes." There is a device of the variety stage that would be of service to him in making his rounds. It is the wonderfully made costume of the vocalist who sings a sort of song of all nations, and by touching a spring somewhere about him at the beginning of each succeeding stanza, suddenly appears in the appropriate and characteristic dress of the nationality to which the stanza is devoted.

The City Council of Savannah has joined the Mayor of Bangor and the pastor of the Berkeley Street (Boston) Congregational Church in their opposition to accepting railway time as the standard. But in Savannah the provocation—if provocation it be—is greater even than in Bangor. For the convenience of the railroads Savannah clocks were set to ninetieth-meridian time, which is thirty-six minutes slower than the time of the place. As the difference between the time on one governing meridian and that on the next is only sixty minutes, there can be no difference greater than thirty minutes between new and local time, unless an exception is made for the convenience of railroads, as in Savannah. Perhaps Savannah objects, not to the common lot, but to being an exception.

At a meeting of Cuban patriots in this city the other evening a professor was introduced, who offered to free Cuba from the Spanish yoke for twenty millions of dollars. Nobody took him up, and he came down to nine millions. This incident teaches the value of deliberation. The Cuban patriots have already saved eleven millions of dollars by not being in a hurry. By-the-way, the professor liberates countries with home-made dynamite, which accounts for his being able to do it at such ridiculously low figures.

Chroniclers of society events tell of great preparations for making the most of leap-year. Parties are to be held in this city and Philadelphia, says a writer, at which none—at least none of the ladies—will be admitted in strictly feminine attire. For ladies, it is said, short skirts, dress-coats, white ties, and an expanse of pleated and starched linen will be *de rigueur*.

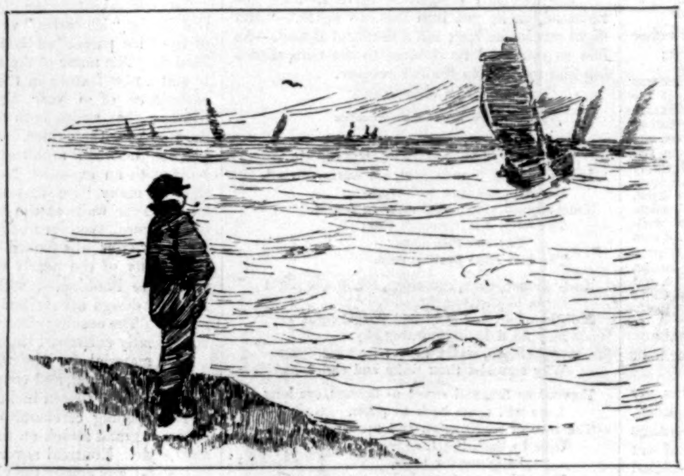
Not since the historic tea-chests were pitched into Boston Harbor has there been an uprising more ominous in that New England town than the one which came to a head on Beacon Hill the other day. An anti-canine measure had been introduced in the General Court by somebody acting in the interests of the Berkshire sheep-raisers. It proposed that, in addition to paying a license fee, every owner of a dog should be required to furnish an indemnity bond of five hundred dollars. The Committee on Agriculture, to whom the bill was referred, hired a hall, and announced a public hearing. The hall proved too small to hold all who came to protest against the adoption of the bill. Statesmen who ventured to speak in favor of the measure were violently hissed. Many women came to the hall, bringing their canine pets, and one of them, says an account of the hearing, "walked up to the table, shook her two-pound poodle under the noses of the committee-men, and shrieked, 'Do you think my dog would kill sheep?'" It is not believed that the committee will have the hardihood to report the bill back in any form.

THE ELOPEMENT.—C. D. Weldon.

A VEGETARIAN.—Alfred Kappes.

THE SHIP'S BOAT.—Winslo

SUNDAY MORNING.—J. Al


OFF SCHEVENINGEN.—Wm. M. Chase.

CYMBAL-PLAYER.—Frank D. Millet.

HARVESTERS OF SEESHAUPT.—B. R. Fitz.

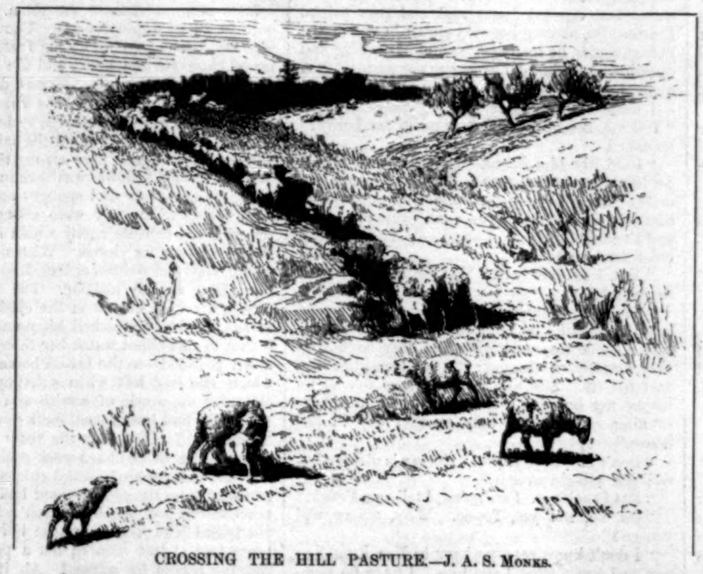
GOING TO THE WEDDING.—T. de Thulstrup.

INCENSE

THE SEVENTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, AT TH

NSLOW HOMER.

A TRUCE.—CHAS. VOLKMAR.

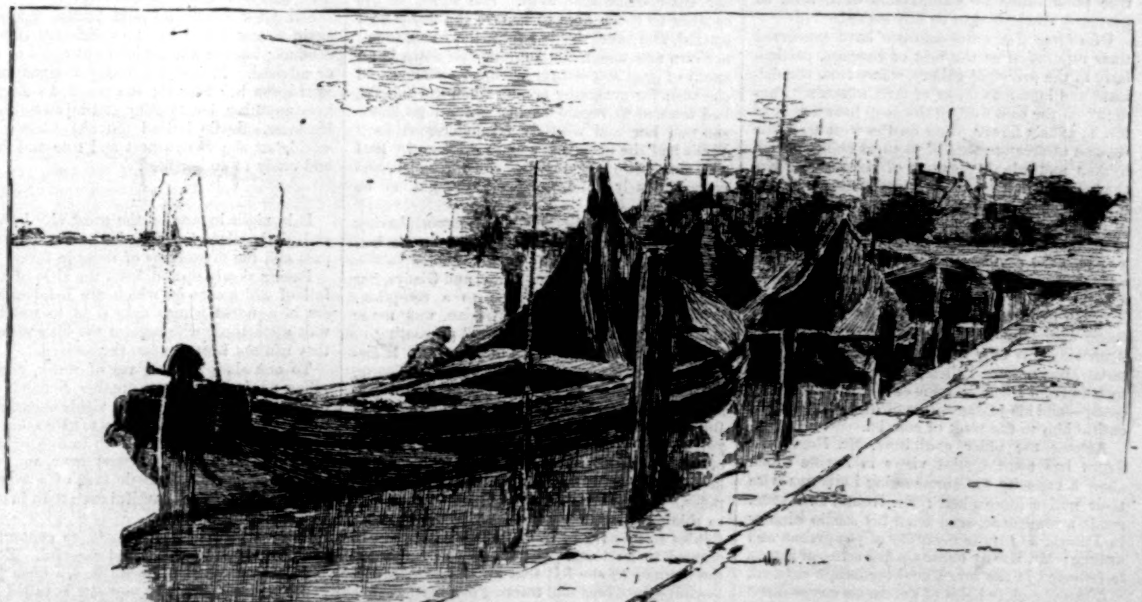


CROSSING THE HILL PASTURE.—J. A. S. MONKS.

"ONE AT A TIME."—J. WILLIAM PATTERSON.

SPREADING LINEN.—S. R. BURLEIGH.

MEASURING THE GREAT ELM.—J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.



MUD BOATS OFF DORDRECHT.—C. A. PLATT.

THE ATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—SELECTIONS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

GIVE ME BUDS ONLY.

Give me no perfect gifts; no wine of noon
Drained from dawn's amethyst; no dead-ripe boon
Of joy's full cluster. Give me buds of sighs,
Buds of your dreams, leaf burst from Love's surprise.

Give me of Love the bud. Have we not known
Our full-blown garlands into deep graves thrown?
And one wreathed dial of bewildering flowers
Flung at life's mid-day, where Hope *buried* hours?

Give me no perfect gifts. My heart has faith
That crowns and consummations are the wraith
Of treasure. Song, rich, pealful, rapture-torn,
Is Music's "vive la reine" to Silence born!

Change is Time's fruit. Shadow of turning lies
On starry keepsakes in our lower skies.
Father of Lights! from Thee alone the gift,
Changeless, full-graced, consummate, freights the drift

Of heaven's kindest beam—fulfillant death.
O restful sleep, fanned by the cool strange breath
Blown from sweet shores elysian. Breath perchance
That stirs Love's bud, clasped in the white hand's trance.

LAURA SANFORD.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

"GOOD-MORNING, SIR."—E. N. ELY.

THOUGH the seventeenth annual display of the American Water-color Society is not remarkable for an extraordinary number of pictures of leading merit, the pictorial and technical average is higher than that of any previous year. On all sides are evidences of sane endeavor and healthful growth; and the general impression is that of a representative display of national art under happy conditions.

Owing in part to its frequent accessions of young blood, the Water-color Exhibition of recent years has shown many variations from the humdrum and the conventional, and this year the young blood disports itself with unwonted decorum. The imitators erstwhile of the Currier school—very fresh and interesting as far as it goes—have ceased to startle by eccentric incompletions. They appear, instead, with charming drawings, which illustrate high and rare qualities of art, and which present well-conceived character and honest realization of gesture, pose, and incident. Never so rare in the best works was the pernicious use of body-color, the majority of the deftest executants seeming to appreciate the distinctive nature of water-colors as a medium more delicate, facile, and manageable, a mode of expression more subtle, and a means more intimate, than oils, especially as respects adaptability to reproduce the evanescent effects of light and color. If in some cases—as in Mr. W. T. RICHARDS's marine in the east room—body-color has been dragged along the sky to simulate the effects of oils, and if, in other cases, the undue use of Chinese white has disillusioned the spectator, these are but exceptions to the good, sound rule of loyalty to translucency. We do not remember an annual water-color exhibition in which the true possibilities of water-colors have been so generally recognized or so fitly served.

Of course the water-colorists have preserved their reputation as the best of hangers, particularly in the principal gallery, where from the delicate and luminous pinks of Mr. CHURCH's "Pandora" on the east wall, to the deep brown-reds of Mr. TURNER's flower piece on the west wall, the scheme of arrangement of pictures shows an unbroken and winning gamut of color. Nor has the spirit of this result been lost to Mr. A. A. ANDERSON, as Decorative Committee, in the selection of stuffs and bric-à-brac for the three doorways of the northern wall. The grouping over the doorway into the east room from the main gallery is a feast of shimmering tones, while on the reverse side the portières hung near Mr. THOMAS MORAN's Mexican pictures exquisitely set off the values of those works by toning down their blues. Mr. ANDERSON not only arranged his decorative materials, but procured them, either by purchase or by loan from friends—some of the pieces are very costly—and his juxtaposition of them alone might entitle him to the rank of colorist.

Among the older exhibitors, Mr. HOPKINSON SMITH has some quaint views in Seville which show a capacity for surrounding buildings with their native atmosphere; Mr. HOMER D. MARTIN sends a landscape, seen from his studio window in France, and quite destitute of pea-greens and orange; Mr. HENRY FARRER's fine sense of repose is reflected in the large, cool landscape entitled, "When the silver habit of the clouds comes down upon the autumn scene"; Mr. CHARLES PARSONS's "Marblehead," with tortuously twisting cedars, rocky coast, and faint sails against a leaden sky, is a masterly study of tonal breadth and harmony; Mr. SONNTAG preserves some peculiarities of his oil-paintings, which here seem to tend to spottiness; Mr. T. W. WOOD has a frankly conceived and ably drawn street boy holding an armful of dusting brushes, and counting his gains upon his fingers; and Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, always original and striking, reveals once more in the stately fisher-women of the "Scotch Mist," and in the saltiness of the sea atmosphere, his sensitive observation, stored knowledge, and trained hand. Important among the works of the younger members are those of Messrs. FREER, DIELMAN, WEIR, WELDON, CHURCH, FOWLER, DEWEY, SNYDER, GRAHAM, and MURPHY, most of them carried far beyond the stages of mere impressionism, Mr. FREER's figure of a young woman in the main gallery being rich in linear grace and wise balancing of intense tones. These beautiful drawings deserve much more attention than at present is in our power to give them.

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

I.

IN the dusky light of a fragrant and richly adorned drawing-room two people were in animated conversation.

One, a woman of fifty, handsome still, and with a toilet suggestive of much care and thought, was speaking not only with decision, but with positive anger; although her self-control was great enough to keep her voice from rising, it was not able to prevent a tremulous vibration which she vainly tried to stifle. She was sitting on a high-backed, embroidered chair in an attitude as faultless as the fit of her satin gown.

The other, a girl of twenty, with great clear brown eyes and fluffy brown hair and graceful figure, stood as a young child might have done at receiving a reprimand. Her eyes were cast down, the lashes drooping till they nearly touched her cheeks, and her fingers were nervously picking to pieces a sprig of heliotrope from a magnificent basket of flowers beside her.

"It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of," said the elder lady, with a scornful smile. "I really can not waste any more words upon it. You always were quixotic, Teresa, and this performance caps the climax. In nearly one and the same breath, you tell me you love him, and that you have refused him. Oh! it is too disappointing!"

"Aunt."

"Well?"

"Please let it drop—forget it."

The tone was pleading, the voice sweet.

"Forget it, indeed! Do you think I will allow you to oppose me in this style? Have I not daughters of my own, and cares enough of my own, without being longer burdened with one so obstinate and self-willed as you, Teresa?"

"I did not know—I mean—" said the young girl, deprecatingly. But she was quickly interrupted.

"Now don't plead ignorance; don't tell me that you do not know my wishes, and did not mean to offend me."

"I really did not think of you at all."

"Worse and worse! Well, this *is* plain speech. And whom do you think of—only yourself? Selfish child!—is this my reward for educating you, and allowing you every luxury, spending time and money on you as freely as on my own?"

"Aunt—Aunt Geraldine, please forgive me."

The young voice faltered; the pink flush gave way to pallor; the brown eyes filled.

"No, Teresa; it's mockery to ask that; and I want you clearly to understand that this is to be no longer your home: you have exhausted my patience, and now the end has come. I have rented this house, and I am going abroad. Sibyl and Gladys are both delicate, and need the change."

"But, aunt, where am I to go?—what am I to do?"

"A pretty question to put to me now, after such behavior! Consult your friends. I have no further interest in you."

The cruelty of these words seemed to freeze the young girl. Her brown eyes opened widely, her color came and went. She stared at the speaker as if not able to believe the words just uttered, and then, rushing from the room, found her own apartment, and flung herself down in an agony of grief and self-reproach. To whom could she turn for sympathy or pity when the one she had learned to regard as her natural protector spurned her and willfully misunderstood her? What had she done that was so grievous? Had she not battled against her own feelings, and conscientiously done what she thought to be right?

Meanwhile Mrs. Geraldine Gansevoort, having spent her anger and indignation, rang the bell and ordered her coupé.

She had to drive alone. Sibyl and Gladys, her delicate daughters, had gone to a reception. Frank, her son, a young physician, was never able to go with her, "office hours" preventing.

Her thoughts were far from pleasant. It disturbed her circulation to be thus excited. Teresa, in the plain terms she used to herself, was a fool, and why should she allow a fool so to annoy her? But the girl should be punished. The idea of a portionless orphan refusing such an offer as that of Leroy Jones!—a millionaire, a fellow whose horses and yachts were the envy of all his comrades. And why, forsooth? Because she chose to think him unsteady, weak; because his little foibles to this fresh, young, unsophisticated girl seemed to be vices. Oh, it was too vexatious! the more so as she felt that all her good, sound, worldly-wise advice and training had been wasted. As for Sibyl and Gladys—oh! if they could have had such a chance, poor dear delicate darlings!

II.

Frank Gansevoort was a hard-working young physician. His mother deplored the fact that he was not a "society man," and Sibyl and Gladys mourned over the disaffection of their renegade brother as if work were vice and idleness a virtue; but Frank kept steadily on, and even went so far as to disfigure the front of the house with a sign. To be sure, it was a nice, neat little silver plate, with only "F. Gansevoort, M.D.," on it, but it drew too many poor people.

On this particular afternoon Dr. Gansevoort had occasion to hunt up a book on the library shelves. It was an old one, and had been tucked out of sight. As he searched for it a strange sound met his ears—a sound as of some one sobbing. Now Frank knew very well whose little room opened on the library, and if he had a tender spot in his heart at all, it was for the pretty young cousin who inhabited that room; so, without finding his musty old tome, he descended from the library steps and knocked at Teresa's door. There was no answer till he had repeated his knock, and then there was a muffled response which was not satisfactory. At last he said, "If you don't come to the door, Tessie, I shall have to break in."

This brought a very dejected-looking damsel to the threshold, who, finding Frank alone, immediately fell on his shoulder in a fresh burst of tears. This was all very nice, to be sure, and Frank had no sort of objection to support a weeping damsel, who, despite her tears, looked as pretty as a picture. But the grief was real, and that pained Frank. So, placing her very gently in one of the library chairs, he managed by dint of coaxing and questioning to find out what was the matter. "A quarrel with mother and a break with Leroy Jones—I wonder which is the worse," mused Frank. "Tell me, Tessie, did you care much for Leroy?" he asked.

"I did like him, Frank—I always used to care for him when he was nice. But he isn't nice any more. He's horridly fast, and I will not marry him just for his money, as aunt wants me to do, and I've told him so, and—and—" The handkerchief went up again.

"Yes, I see how it is. You are sure you don't regret it?"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think I would have made all this trouble if I had not been sure?" She stopped crying, and drew herself up very proudly, continuing: "Aunt Geraldine has cast me off. She has told me that this is no longer my home. I am going away this very evening. I will not stay another day in her house."

"Don't be hasty, Tessie. Mother is disappointed; she will get over it."

"But I shall not. I am going, I tell you, Frank."

"Oh no, not yet, Tessie. Why, where will you go?"

"I don't know yet—perhaps to Mrs. Russell—nor do I know what I shall do. I have no money, and I am so ignorant. Oh! if I had only studied as I ought to have done, I might then teach; but I will find some way of getting along;" and she held her head more proudly still.

"Tessie dear, you are a foolish little thing. I don't uphold mother's unkindness; but you must remember that I love you if she doesn't."

"Yes, dear Frank, you are always good to me."

"Well, then, why not put an end to all this bother and be my little wife?"

"Oh, Frank, don't, please don't talk that way. You know we are cousins, and I've no idea of burdening you with any other relationship. You are very kind, but, all the same, *that* can not be."

Frank tried to look dolorous, but did not succeed very well. He was, in truth, too much in love with his profession to have much room for any other sentiment in his good, kind heart, but he had meant to do his best, if Tessie would let him, which she wouldn't.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, and I must bear it."

"Which you will do with all the ease in the world, dear Frank. And now I am going to pack, and will you send my trunks over to Mrs. Russell's, and tell Sibyl and Gladys I am sorry not to say good-by, and aunt that I regret having displeased her, and—and— Oh, how happy I have been, and how foolish and—but—"

She grew incoherent and tearful again, and again Frank urged her to a different course of conduct; but she was not to be entreated or urged or advised. In her hot young indignation the world was her retreat; she could do anything, bear anything, but tyranny and injustice and unkindness. Little indeed did she know of the world, but she was earnest and true and strong, and ready to do her best.

III.

It is night in one of the great city hospitals, and all is silent but for the moans of those in pain and the mutterings of those in fever.

Pacing slowly up and down the aisle of a ward full of white cots on which are helpless sufferers is a nurse whose duty it is to watch and wait upon those who require the little attentions they can not bestow upon themselves.

To one she gives a glass of water, another's pillow needs raising, and another demands soothing words. To all alike she yields cheerful compliance, stopping often merely to give a kind look or a little show of interest. The dim light falls upon her slim figure in its neat gown, and reveals the sweet and sympathetic face of a woman of mature years, more beautiful even than in its first bloom.

It is a face of rare charm, so contented, so placid, and yet so bright and cheerful. Evidently to these poor sick people it is a boon just to gaze upon it. But just now she is called away; a physician wishes to speak to her—probably give his orders for the night. She hastens to the office where he is waiting.

"Miss Stanton, here is a telegram from uptown. You know Dr. Gansevoort, I presume. He wants you to attend a patient."

"Is there no one else who can go? I never take outside cases if I can avoid it."

"Positively no one, and as he specifies you, I should not like to disappoint him."

"Well, then, I shall have to go, I suppose; but what is the nature of the case?"

"An accident."

"Can you supply my place here?"

"Yes. We shall have to double the duties."

With the promptness of custom, no more questions were asked, and in a few moments Miss Stanton was on her way to Fifth Avenue. As she rolled along in the darkness, with only the street lamps occasionally lifting it, her thoughts were as calm and cool as if she had been a belle to whom the triumphs of a ball-room were an old story; but she knew that she had need of all her courage and all her resources. The carriage stopped before a great gloomy brown-stone house, and the door was instantly opened by a waiting footman. Over the marble hall and up the oaken stairway and under tapestries and velvet hangings she was ushered into an antechamber, where, quickly divesting herself of her wraps, she waited. In a few moments Dr. Gansevoort appeared, and briefly related all that had happened, all that was required. The man had been thrown from his carriage, causing fracture of both legs—they had been set—there was nothing to do now but to watch most carefully.

Miss Stanton entered the room. It was superb in all its appointments. Though the light was low, the carved wood, the frescoes, the glitter of cut-glass and brass, and the luxurious divans were all apparent. Rather different from the bare walls of the hospital ward were these beautiful reaches of landscape and rare interiors in their rich frames; but, all the same as on the narrow hospital cots, here among the ruffles and lace of downy pillows was a human sufferer; glasses and towels and sponges and all the appurtenances of surgery were about—means for relieving the terrible agony which in hospital or palace pursues its victim. With note-book and pencil, vials and written orders, Miss Stanton took her place at the bedside. The sufferer was asleep, his face hidden in the clothes. Strange to say, she had not asked his name. Why was it that in this silent watch her thoughts returned to her girlhood—to the far-off home of her youth, which she had left when a happy, thoughtless child for the abode of wealth and luxury, from which she had been thrust forth as unworthy and disobedient? How long the years of study and disappointment and hard work seemed! and how well she remembered all the chilling rebuffs she had met from the day her aunt had spoken those cruel words, and she had taken refuge with her old friend Mrs. Russell, whose influence and interest had at last secured her a position in the training school for nurses! Ah, it was no easy task she had taken upon herself, but how tranquil and assured now her life had become since she had been her own mistress, and filled the hours with useful work! To be sure, her aunt had renounced and denounced her, and her cousins never even spoke to her. Frank only was her friend.

Just then, with a moan, her patient awoke, and fixed his eyes upon her. What a shock thrilled her as he looked and looked again! How well she knew those eyes! Though years and his deep slumber had disguised him, she now was conscious that she was in the presence of the man who had once offered her his love. Why had Frank sent for her? What was the meaning of this meeting? Did he know her? Should she fly? All these questions rushed for an answer; but long habits of self-restraint calmed her, and with gentle touch she essayed some little movement for his comfort, hoping he would not recognize her. But she was mistaken; a hot hand was laid on hers, and a familiar voice said, "You have come. I knew you would."

"Yes, I am a nurse, come in response to your physician's order."

"No; you put it wrongly; you are Teresa Stanton, come because I, Leroy Jones, sent for you."

"Not at all; I would have come to an utter stranger. I did come just that way. Now let me quiet you."

"I have you at last; that is all I want. Do you know, I have never loved any one else—never. You were quite right not to marry me: a deuce of a life you'd have led!"

"Hush! hush! you are injuring yourself," she said, softly, trying to stop his impetuous talk. But he was not to be stopped; he had grasped her hand, and was kissing it.

"Nonsense! As if I didn't know I had come to the end of my rope. Put your hand here on my heart. How is it going?—fast, like a trip-hammer? It will stop soon. But I have you to look at again. See:" and he drew out a little locket from beneath his pillow, where it lay beside his watch and trinkets; "this is all I have had these ten years. Do you know yourself to be that girl? Isn't she a beauty? But let me look at you. Turn on the gas. No, don't leave me either: you might not come back. You are altered, Tessie; but you are a lovely woman still. You were a wise little thing; you saw what poor stuff there was in me; but I loved you, Tessie, and now—Oh, I've no pain! Don't look so distressed. I fear my time has come. Nervous shock, you know. I feel very weak. Give me some brandy. Kiss me, Tessie."

IV.

It is the fourteenth day of February, and Dr. Gansevoort is mounting the stairs of a New York boarding-house. He has a patient on the top floor for whom he has more than a scientific interest, and as he enters the room, which he has at last reached, he looks with anxiety toward the dormer-window filled with flowers. The patient is standing there with a watering can and scissors, tending her plants. His anxiety is relieved when he sees the little tinge of color on his pa-

tient's face, and the glad bright glance she gives him.

"So you are better to-day?" he says, taking the offered hand and giving it a kindly pressure.

"Yes; I am getting quite strong again. I shall soon be able to resume my duties."

"You need not be in haste to do that. By-the-bye, do you know what day this is?"

"Oh yes; there's my calendar. A woman of business must be accurate."

"A woman of business—hum! it seems to me you've been that long enough; but do you know this is a day of sentiment, a day dedicated to a saint whose shrine is the human heart?"

"Oh, Frank!" was the laughing remonstrance.

"You seem to think I am a little beside myself, but as I am a bearer of dispatches I thought best to prepare you for what is coming." And he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope.

"What! A valentine for me!"

"Really, I don't know what you'll call it. Perhaps being such a business woman, you may regard it as a bill, a receipt for services rendered, etc., etc."

It certainly was a valentine, tinted and perfumed, rose-wreathed and lace-papered, and the verses were as tender as the song of the nightingale. But what fell fluttering to the floor?

A bit of plain white and black paper—a scrap from a check-book—with "Pay to Teresa Stanton's order" on it, and fifty thousand dollars in the corner.

The smiling face became grave, the soft brown eyes filled, and bent a silent, questioning gaze upon Frank.

"It's none of my doing, Teresa, as you see. Leroy's an altered man. He has always loved you, and now he seeks to show his gratitude for all your kind care."

"But, Frank, I can not accept this—unless—unless—"

"—You also accept the giver," said Frank, smiling, as he finished the sentence for her. "That is just what he wants, Teresa. I am a poor diplomatist, as you see, for I ought to have used much more circumlocution; but I will send Leroy to do his own courting."

BAD LANDS.

A characteristic feature of the landscape on the Little Missouri River is the flat-topped hills, or "buttes," as they are sometimes called, which often assume the most fantastic shapes. Some of them present the appearance of walled cities, old dismantled castles, pyramids, or obelisks. The first sight of these grotesque freaks of nature and the elements is very interesting, but one soon wearies of them, and longs for green fields and wooded hill-sides.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

It is surely one of the most deplorable evidences of diverging nationalities that the American should have forgotten what a muffin is. Like his "robin," and his biscuit, and his "Yorkshire pudding," the name has really no connection whatever with the gentle ideal which it should suggest. Still less, therefore, can the American be expected to know the pensive muffin man, who has contributed in unobtrusive fashion so largely to the joys of successive generations of provincial and suburban English nurseries. In the less busy parts of London, and throughout every country town, the cheery tinkle of the little bell which heralded his advent has been for years as integral a part of childhood's winter life as the bright fire-side and the steaming tea-urn, and if the muffin man had missed a day, it would have been scarcely less astonishing than the non-recurrence of bed-time. To future generations, however, it is to be feared that the tender memories which have learned by long experience to cluster round the name of muffin man will be forbidden, and a few decades hence an Englishman will know no better than an American what a real muffin means. The muffin man is no longer the inoffensive and welcome minister to the nursery tea table that he was, and a feud has sprung up between him and society.

When, a short time ago, a muffin man was brought into a London police court and fined for ringing his bell, the proceeding might well at the first blush seem high-handed and unwarrantable. Why, it might be asked, is the muffin man not to ring his bell, while the coster-monger may yell, and Punch go piping down the street? The question is a natural one enough, for muffin men might, in theory, be supposed to be the most inoffensive of our species. There is nothing in their calling to incite to turbulence, for muffins tend to soften the manners, if melancholy supervenes. No muffin man ever yet committed a murder on his own account, or led a popular riot. They are not of the mind that carry bludgeons and wear knuckle-dusters, sniffing battle afar off, and snorting for the fray. On the contrary, they are mealy men, and, from the constant handling of muffins, have assumed something of the character of that confection. Such, at any rate, might be the contention of the theorist. Every vocation seems to induce in the individuals following it a tendency to sympathy of character with their implements or wares, and there is no reason why muffin men should be an exception. It would be as impossible for two of that profession to come to blows with muffins as for two Thibetans to quarrel in the public street.

Within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lama an admirable municipal arrangement provides that each term of abuse and each blow shall be paid for at a high rate, the man injured receiving the proceeds. The result is that when two Thibetans have a mind to fall out, each fills his own mouth with mud, and bares his head, provoking the other to strike it. No summons, of course, can issue for such a preposterous form of assault and battery, and the Thibetans, therefore, enjoy at this day the reputation of being a mild-mannered people. Nor of muffin men can less be said. They issue forth with the moths and the bats, and are of a crepuscular kind, seeming to shun the giddier haunts of men, visiting daily the same streets, generally the same houses, and coming thus at last to exchange those familiarities with the regular retainers of each household as are privileged also to the policeman, the postman, the milkman, and the cat's-meat man. They form an outer circle of satellite, revolving, it is true, in a more distinct and deferential orbit, but still confessing the force of the same attraction that keeps cooks and house-maids from flying off from the centre of the domestic system into space. The chestnut man in the streets remains, as it were, an institution of the streets, or a portion of them, like a curb-stone or a pillar-box. He never gets to be associated with private life, and is as much a stranger to the back door as an omnibus driver. But the muffin man knows that his coming is expected, looks for the regular opening of garden gates, loiters with a purpose at certain points, and when making over his wares exchanges opinions with the servants of the family on the weather as compared with that of yesterday, or more amiably connects himself with the past by reference to the muffins delivered the day before. All this should tend to the mollification of the ferine nature that may possibly be latent in the muffin man, while it softens the public feeling toward him, for it seems just as difficult to be violent toward one who disseminates the gentle muffin as for him to brain a neighbor with one. It is easy enough to be exasperated with butchers' or green-grocers' errand boys, but to assault a muffin man would seem very like drawing a knife on a feather-bed.

Meanwhile the pernicious influences of modern competition have here as elsewhere produced demoralizing results. At one time the solitary muffin man going his rounds in the early twilight of winter rang as he went a melancholy little bell to let his customers know he was coming. There was nothing offensive about his tintinnabulations, for it was feeble ringing at best, and as every muffin man has his own beat, the bell came along through the darkness and was lost in it again, only once a day growing up gradually out of the distance—a very phantom of sound—it as gradually died away again, neither irritating by continuance, nor inciting to fury by its sudden intensity. Sick folk even found nothing to complain of in it; and as for the healthy, they never heeded it, if they ever heard it, and to children it was a joy. But all this, it seems, has been sadly changed. Where before one man sufficed to dispense the muffins of a neighborhood, twenty, we are told, have now rushed in to scramble for a share in his small profits. The old men, it is said, have succumbed in the struggle for custom, and a new race have occupied their place. The gentle salesman of the old *régime*, whose dismal little campanella did no one harm, has, it appears, had to give way before younger men of vigorous lung power and ponderous bells. He never shouted, for he had never learned how to do so, and as for the tinkle-tinkle of his progress, it required from him little more exertion of the muscles than it does from a grazing bell-wether. It sounded by the mere motion of his arm swinging as he walked, a musical pedometer that was inaudible twenty doors ahead. It is complained, however, that the present generation of muffin men are far more troublesome. They pass the policeman at the corner with the air and appearance of mild and inoffensive muffin men, but once in the quiet by-street, they bellow and ring their bells with a vehemence wholly inconsistent with and unnecessary for the sale of their gentle wares.

The successful conviction, however, to which we have referred may easily lead to abuses, for if all London street cries are to be prosecuted, much mischief might ensue. What urchin, for instance, could tell that Punch was passing in the street if he did not sound his wonderful call? and what an infinity of cheap delight would be struck out of the life of London children if that immoral but very popular person were banished from the by-ways? Is it nothing, either, that the useful cat should be robbed of her afternoon's excitement? For how delightful it must be to sit at the gate and watch the often-stopping cat's-meat man coming nearer and nearer; to see the cats whose owners do not purchase cat's meat following his steps in half-hearted hopes of the bottom of the basket falling out, and a miraculous shower of meated skewers ensuing; and then the rapture of going out a few steps to meet the vender, and familiarly impede while she escorts his steps to the kitchen door. Many such wrongs would be inflicted on those who have grown accustomed to street cries if indiscriminate prosecution followed upon the conviction of a particular muffin man.

On the other hand, such a precedent must fill every heart with hope that, bells being thus pronounced a nuisance, a raid may be commenced upon other bells, which, to quote the police case referred to, "turn Sunday from a day of rest to one of torment and misery." It is impossible to think ill of church peals, or even of the solemn music of a single bell. But the London by-streets are full of small places of worship, which not once, but several times, every Sunday, set agoing an exasperating thing they call their bell, imbittering the neighborhood against them, and making peace of mind impossible on "the day of rest." Nor is the evil all unknown even in New York. It does not matter to those who preside at these places of worship that their neighbors have begged them to stop their bells, for the mistaken sentiment that prompted them to set up the fragment of metal insists upon its maintenance, and so long as there is a rope attached, urchins will always be found ready to pull it. The result is that "the bell" goes for every sort of ceremony besides divine service—for catechism class and for Sunday-school, for choir practice, or for nothing at all. The preachers, like the new class of muffin men, have to advertise themselves, and have only their bells to do it with.

Phil Robinson.

ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

As to the antiquity of gloves there is no doubt; but there is, in one instance, considerable dispute as to the evidence on which this claim of venerable usage is based. The question turns upon the rendering of a passage in the Book of Ruth. Here, in the Authorized Version, the seventh and eighth verses of the fourth chapter read thus:

"Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe."

For "shoe" in these verses it is said we should read *glove*. On this matter Mr. Hull, relying upon the authority of M. Josephs, "a Hebrew of great literary attainments, and author of several learned works," advances the following theory: "The Hebrew *nangal* signifies to shut, close, or inclose. When followed by *regel*, the foot, it might mean a shoe or sandal; but when it stands by itself, as in the original of the passage quoted, it must be rendered 'glove.'" It is further stated that the ancient and modern Rabbins agree in rendering the word from the original as "glove," and that Joel Levy, a celebrated German translator, gave, instead of shoe, his picturesque native term of *Handschuh*, hand-shoe, by which gloves are known in Germany.

The Targum, or Chaldaic paraphrase of the Scriptures, made, perhaps, in the fourth century of the Christian era, translates the disputed phrase, *narthek yad*, the case or covering of the right hand—testimony apparently indisputable. But it is said, on the other side, that the Targumist tried to find adequate expression for the Greek *narthex* in a misleading idiom, since there was no word for glove in the language he used. It is obvious, however, that the paraphrasist accepted the term as a hand-covering, and not as a foot-covering; and it should be remembered that he lived some fifteen centuries nearer the only time when this question could be authoritatively settled. It is unquestionable, too, that the employment of the glove in the symbolical sense which the passage would bear by the substitution of terms, as a token of faith and in evidence of agreements, has a most remote antiquity, while the shoe is never associated in Holy Writ but with acts of humility and obeisance. Similar customs, in both respects, still obtain in the East.

The same difficulty occurs in Psalm cviii., where, in the ninth verse, among expressions of exultant triumph and vengeful threatenings, it is said, "Over Edom will I cast out my *shoe*"; and, again, the sanction of ancient usage, together with the commonest symbolism of the glove, would lead to an alteration of the passage as it stands, in favor of glove. To throw a glove over Edom would accord with all precedent in conveying a challenge, or the utterance of a boastful promise of punishment: to throw a shoe would have no warlike significance whatever.

The question is as little likely to be determined as that of the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or that other as to the authorship of the Letters of Junius. *Prima facie* evidence is all that can be brought forward on either side, and the balance of that unsubstantial testimony is against both passages as they at present stand.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

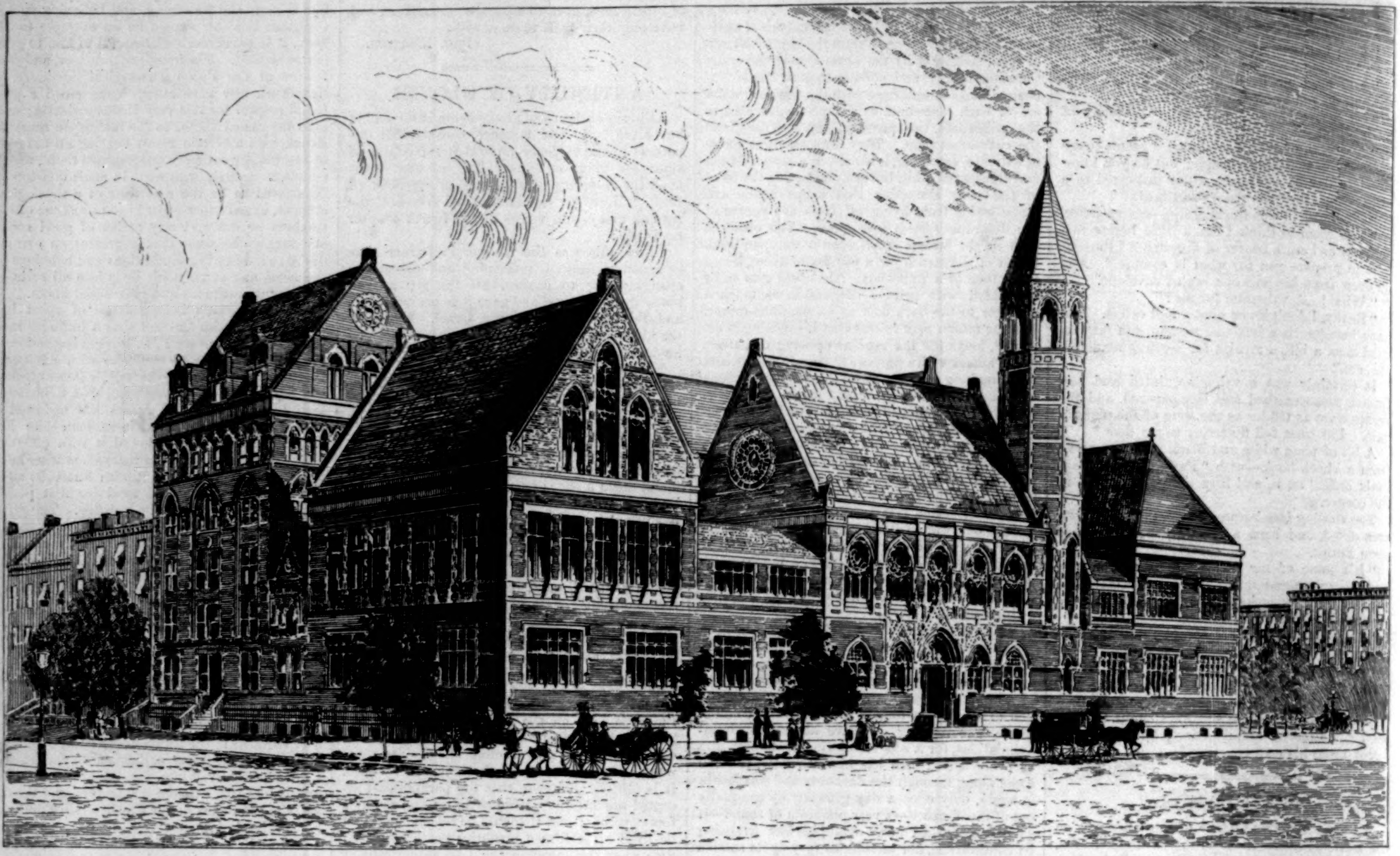
A theological seminary in the United States is an institution where young men are trained to become preachers. The law schools make lawyers, the medical colleges make physicians, and the theological seminaries make preachers. But it is a curious fact that when a proposal to establish a Presbyterian theological seminary in New York city was first broached, about fifty years ago, some good Presbyterians expressed the conviction that a city was no place for such an institution. A young man who wished to study law or medicine found special advantages in the metropolis, of course; the courts of justice and the hospitals were schools of themselves; but a young man who wished to study theology was supposed to have sense enough to know that God made the country, while the town was indebted for its existence to creatures quite finite. When, however, it was pointed out that the crowded tenement-houses and the many churches of New York city presented numerous specimens of the class of people whom preachers can most benefit, and of the styles of preaching which are the most effective, and when, in addition, it was ascertained that young men who needed to support themselves, wholly or in part, during their course of preparation for the ministry, could find in New York city remunerative employment in the very line of their proposed profession—could teach in mission schools, could become Sunday-school superintendents, could assist in the service of song in the churches either by playing on the organ or by singing in the choir—the objection did not seem to be sustained.

To the best type of theological student, the opportunity of paying his own way, rather than of having it paid for him, is extremely inviting. He is not fond of being an object of charity to benevolent old ladies of either sex who expect to improve their chances in another world by helping his chances in this. He has never seen the collection plate passed up and down the aisles of a church for the benefit of "indigent" medical students or law students, and he fails to understand why such a course is desirable in the case of divinity students. Recognizing as both authoritative and fit the injunction to quit himself like a man and be strong, and believing that a Christian minister should be an example to his flock, it is particularly distasteful to him to pauperize himself. The founders, directors, and professors of the Union Theological Seminary in New York city have always entertained a profound respect for this very virile sentiment; and even the casual visitor to the institution must be struck with a certain manly bearing on the part of the young gentlemen congregated there, which contrasts strongly with what in some quarters is considered to be the first duty of a theological student, namely, to assume in the presence of his teachers or other elderly males of good social standing a demeanor that expresses an earnest desire to indulge in genuflections and bobbings of the head, and to twist his body into all sorts of deprecatory attitudes and reverential knots.

That this sound independence of spirit has some relation with the fact that a business man like the late Governor E. D. Morgan has endowed the Union Theological Seminary with $400,000, that a business man like the late Mr. James Brown has endowed it with $300,000, that a business man like Mr. D. Willis James has endowed it with $100,000, that a business man like Mr. Morris K. Jesup has endowed it with $50,000, and that within the last ten years alone other business men have endowed it with $240,000 additional, making the grand total for that period $1,090,000, is not at all improbable. The gifts, however, speak for themselves, and by reason of them the Union Theological Seminary is about to remove from its old quarters at No. 9 University Place to the handsome, commodious, and suitable buildings on Park Avenue, Seventieth and Sixty-ninth streets, which are pictured in this number of this journal. Few of the students who shall be fortunate enough to belong to the institution in its new quarters will contrast their advantages with those of the thirteen young men who on the 5th of December, 1836, presented themselves at the house of President Thomas McAuley, D.D., No. 112 Leonard Street, and became the first class ever enrolled in the Union Theological Seminary, and who the next day walked to the residence of Professor Henry White, No. 80 Eldridge Street, and listened to a theological lecture, and the day after to the rooms of the Presbyterian Education Society, No. 116 Nassau Street, to hear an exegetical lecture by Professor Edward Robinson, and the following day to the study of Professor Thomas H. Skinner, for a disquisition on sacred rhetoric. The great fire of the same year and the great panic of 1837 so crippled the resources of the benefactors of the seminary that although lots had been leased for the construction of the present edifice in University Place (then Jackson Avenue), the wherewithal to build and furnish it was wanting; and it was not until twelve months later, on the 12th of December, 1838, when the number of students had increased to one hundred and twenty-nine, that the institution had a local habitation.

The next eight years was a period of poverty so great that the local habitation was heavily mortgaged, and the self-sacrificing professors were compelled to content themselves with the merest pittances of salaries. An effort to obtain a permanent fund of $140,000 fell through, although $90,000 had been subscribed, because the subscriptions had been taken on condition that the whole sum should be raised. Just in the nick of time the late Mr. James Roosevelt, a Presbyterian merchant whose Episcopal grandson had seceded to the Roman Catholic Church, so altered the terms of his will that $30,000 previously intended for his apostate relative became devised to the Union Theological Seminary. Three or four years afterward an additional $100,000 was raised, and the late Mr. Anson G. Phelps, Jun., contributed a sum sufficient to furnish rooms in the dormitory for forty-eight students. But when the civil war came on, the professors, whose salaries were each the income of $25,000, found themselves so straitened that a decent living was impossible. In 1865 another endowment of $150,000 was obtained from various sources, and in 1873 the late Mr. James Brown came forward with his munificent sum of $300,000, which at once put the institution on a firm foundation. The noble gifts of its later benefactors have already been mentioned, but no sketch of the Union Theological Seminary would approach completion without the names of the late President William Adams, D.D., the late Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., and the late Messrs. Richard T. Haines, William M. Halstead, Anthony P. Halsey, Caleb O. Halstead, Abijah Fisher, Fisher Howe, Anson G. Phelps, Sen., James Boorman, David Hoadley, John C. Baldwin, and William E. Dodge. The beloved memory of President William Adams will long be cherished, not only by the students, to whom his presence was a continual inspiration, but by the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

Under the presidency of Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, the Union Theological Seminary is acquiring a scholastic reputation of importance. There are optional courses in Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Assyrian, entirely outside of the regular courses in exegesis, Biblical theology, history, dogmatics, homiletics, Christian ethics, and pastoral theology; and an interesting and unique fact is the large number of its later students who have themselves become professors in other theological seminaries and in colleges—for example, Professors Moore and Woodruff, of Andover Seminary; Professors Bissell and Karr, of Hartford Seminary; Professors Ives Curtiss and E. L. Curtis, of the Chicago seminaries; Professor Ballantine, of Oberlin College; Professor Emerson, of Vermont University; Professors Stearns and Ropes, of Bangor Seminary; Professor C. R. Brown, of Newton Seminary; Professor De Witt, of Lane Seminary; and several others, to say nothing of its own alumni in its

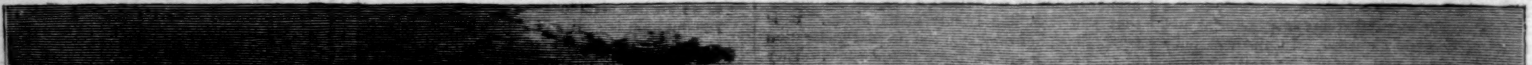


UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—William A. Potter, Architect.

own faculty—Professors Briggs and Francis Brown. The fellowships, established under Dr. Adams's administration, provide two honorary funds of $600 a year each as a reward of special merit, and for the pursuit of higher theological culture on the part of the successful graduate competitors.

Thirty years ago Professor Tholuck, of the University of Halle, Germany, wrote to a friend in this country: "With us, indifference to religion in the masses is so much on the increase that we have almost a lack of preachers." This indifference to religion has extended very far since those words were written, and is so strong to-day that a leading American journalist, while commenting on the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, said: "For any one who reads Luther's story and considers his work, the fact that the great bulk of those who to-day will celebrate his achievements with pride, as those of one of the greatest of Germans, have no more faith in his doctrines than he put in Tetzel's, and care no more for his Bible than he cared for the Missal, is pathetic enough. The process which he applied to the papal authorities is now applied to all subjects whatever. The Bible itself has to submit to the tests and questionings to which he subjected the Pope and the Councils." This state of things is not ignored by the teachers in the Union Theological Seminary. Among the regular lectures is a series on the "grounds of the Christian evidence; the strength of unbelief in our day, and the best way to meet it."

But more than this. In his address delivered at the funeral of Professor Thomas H. Skinner, the late Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, said: "A theological seminary needs to be poised upon a spiritual centre—not only to be rooted in Christ the Head, but also to centre in some visible impersonation of the spiritual power of a living Christian faith, animating its members by example and by word. That was the position which our venerable senior professor held (all unconsciously to himself) to both the faculty and the students of this institution." The speaker as well as the revered teacher of whom he spoke has passed away, but no one who knows the men who now occupy their places will doubt that their mantles have fallen upon worthy successors.



THE BAD LANDS OF THE LITTLE MISSOURI.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 95.]

THE ICE CASTLE AT MONTREAL.—From a Photograph by William Notman and Son.—[See Page 91.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

When the Boston "Broadcloth Mob"—so called because it was instigated and led by men of high social position—broke up an antislavery meeting in October, 1835, and dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the street with a rope round his waist, the disgraceful scene was witnessed by Wendell Phillips, then a young graduate of Harvard, and recently admitted to the bar. Accomplished, eloquent, ambitious, he was assured of a great career in his profession; but the sight of this dastardly outrage upon the right of free speech so stirred his blood that he determined to surrender the brilliant prizes within his grasp, and devote his life to the great cause of human liberty.

From that time Wendell Phillips was identified with the Abolitionists, but his first public appearance in their ranks was at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall on the 8th of December, 1837, to express the sentiments of the citizens of Boston on the murder of E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois. Some resolutions becoming honorable men had been proposed, and Dr. Channing had spoken in their support, when James T. Austin, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, made a vehement speech in justification of the murder. Conservatism was still strong in Boston, the name of Abolitionist was still heard with aversion, and the meeting was evidently swayed by Mr. Austin's words; but at that critical moment Mr. Phillips appeared upon the platform, "and in a brief speech, which restored to Faneuil Hall its old glory of eloquence and patriotism and humanity, and seemed to be the living echo of the fiery tongues of the Revolution, recalled the audience to itself, and spoke for the heart and conscience of New England." The resolutions were adopted, and from that evening until the abolition of slavery Wendell Phillips was the great orator of the cause and of the country.

In 1839 Mr. Phillips renounced his profession, because he would not hold himself bound by an oath to support the Constitution which protected slave-holders in the rights against which he had declared war. His life was thenceforward devoted to influencing public opinion upon the question of slavery, and his share in the education of the mind and conscience of the country will never be forgotten. As an orator he was unsurpassed, and to the end of his life he never failed to charm and captivate his audiences. During the most stormy days of the antislavery crusade, "those who had heard of Mr. Phillips with a shudder as the arch-agitator, could not believe, when they saw a tranquil, manly, graceful, polished gentleman upon the stage, that it was Wendell Phillips." His oratory was indeed the perfection of art.

Although Mr. Phillips had lived very retired of late, he retained an interest in public affairs as keen as ever, and frequent communications from him appeared in the papers. He resided in a house on Common Street, in a quaint part of Boston, in the vicinity of the Hollis Street Church, and very near the famous gathering-places of the antislavery men during the agitation before the war. It was at a house within a stone's-throw of his residence that a number of antislavery women took refuge in 1835 when driven from a public hall by the "Broadcloth Mob."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
INVALUABLE AS A TONIC.

Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tonic is indicated."—[*Adv.*]

CROUP—CHILDREN'S LIVES SAVED.

Haverstraw, N. Y.

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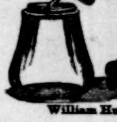

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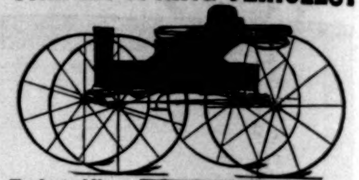

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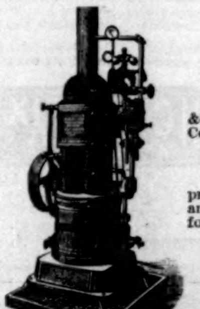

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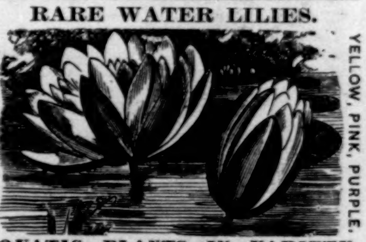

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